

*...to the tourists 18  
Spring rains & living things  
Things you've wondered about*

# Highlights

THE MONTHLY BOOK

April  
1960

for Children

fun

with a purpose

Hello!



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## Highlights for Children

April  
1960

This book of wholesome fun  
is dedicated  
to helping children grow  
in basic skills and knowledge,  
in creativeness,  
in ability to think and reason,  
in sensitivity to others,  
in high ideals  
and worthy ways of living—  
for CHILDREN are the  
world's most important people.

**Awarded**  
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Vol. 15, No. 4

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## Find the Pictures

April

By Rowena Bennett

Be brave, be brave, little April!  
As soon as you smother your cry,  
The sun will toss you a ribbon  
Of rainbow across the sky.



This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

# A Guide for Parents and Teachers

## What Is Emphasized

Page	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Health and Safety	Moral or Spiritual Values	Appreciation of Music and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓									✓	
5 Editorial			✓	✓		✓					
6 The Race			✓								
8 Hat for Crumpet		✓									
10 Bible Story			✓			✓					
11 The Bear Family	✓	✓		✓							
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓									
13 Sammy Spivens			✓			✓					
14 Hidden Pictures	✓									✓	
15 A Night I Remember			✓								
17 Thinking for Fun	✓		✓							✓	
18 Nature's Tourists			✓					✓			
20 Jungle Party			✓								✓
21 Milly and the Hat		✓									
22 Freddie and the Frog		✓				✓					
25 Spring Rains			✓					✓			
26 Prove It Yourself			✓					✓			
27 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓	✓							✓	
28 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓		✓							
29 Day To Get Fooled		✓	✓								
30 For Wee Folks	✓	✓								✓	
31 Health—Jokes			✓		✓						
32 Our Own Page		✓	✓								✓
33 Tricks and Teasers			✓							✓	
35 Rimsky-Korsakov			✓				✓				
37 Things Wondered About			✓					✓		✓	
38 What Came From a Seed		✓									
39 Crossword Puzzle			✓							✓	
40 Things To Make			✓								✓
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓							✓	
43 Drawings From Iran									✓		✓

★ This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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## Let's Talk Things Over

Suppose you have almost a full box of candy and say to yourself, "I won't eat another piece till tomorrow." You might find it hard to stick to this. But if you are able to do so, you will be pretty proud of yourself. Other persons seeing you stick to what you promised yourself admire you, too. They think you have pretty good will power to manage yourself so well.

I don't know what your reason was for eating no more candy till tomorrow but you HAD a reason. And you were sure about it.

You may have some playmates who never eat meat on Friday. You have noticed in their homes that none of their family eat meat on Friday. You may have other playmates in whose homes no pork is eaten. You know they have a reason for this way. You and your own family may never eat meat on Friday, or pork at any time. You and your family have a reason.

Should you find that your friends' ways differ from yours, they would be glad to tell you their reasons if you did not already know. You would try to understand. You would not smile or joke about their ways then or at any other time. You would not be so cruel or so rude. You wouldn't say or do anything to make them feel you thought their ways were not as good as yours. Neither would they say or do anything to make you feel they thought your ways were not as good as theirs. As they stuck faithfully to their ways, you would admire them for doing so.

Catholics, Jews, and many Protestants fast or go without certain things during certain periods. If you never fast or go without anything for a religious reason, you can imagine that other persons who do must have to work pretty hard to manage themselves well. I'm sure you admire them for the way they can do it.

When anybody keeps himself from doing cer-

tain things for a reason he sincerely believes in, he must get something good inside from these experiences. If you and I don't choose to make the self-denials he does, we can get a good feeling inside ourselves as we appreciate his success at managing himself. Also he gets a good feeling himself inside if he also respects others who do not choose to do as he does.

No matter how good we think our religious ways, our race or nationality are, how can we be really rich inside if we don't respect and appreciate all other persons who are different from us? Aren't we all sons and daughters of the same God? Isn't he the Father of us all?

*Garry C. Myers*



"No, thank you, Joan. I'm going without candy now."

"Isn't that hard to do?"

★ To help the child learn to appreciate and respect different religious ways.

# The Race

By Robert Hurley Professor, English Department  
Hofstra College, Hempstead, N. Y.



Illustrated by Carl Heldt

The starter fired his gun, my heart jumped, and we were running in the big race. I wanted to win in the way that every boy wants to win a race. I also wanted to win because my grandfather had promised me a row-boat for our big back pond. But to get it, he said I had to run a good race. And to me that meant winning.

The real running started at the beginning of the second quarter mile, the second lap. Then you know you're in a race. The pressure still isn't really on, but you start working for your breath, and the back of your legs begin to feel the strain.

The boy from Piketown suddenly dropped out of the lead and fell 'way back. He was finished. Then Peter Hayes moved up from behind me and passed Timmy Bartlett. Timmy fell right in behind him. I stayed in third place about six feet in back of Timmy.

Everybody else was out of the race as far as I could see. It was going to be one of us three. The crowd started to get excited, but I wasn't worried. I had won this race two years in a row, and I didn't see why I shouldn't win again this year.

We swung into the third lap. I was running very steadily, just kind of drumming along, getting ready for that final burst and saving myself for it. I kept my eyes on Timmy's heels and didn't look up once. I didn't want to take a chance of going off my stride. "Everything smooth and easy," I said to myself. "Smooth and easy. Don't look up. Timmy will take care of pushing him."

Suddenly I woke up. The crowd was yelling, loud. I looked ahead and there was Peter Hayes. While I was studying Timmy's heels, Peter had been picking up a huge lead and Timmy hadn't been keeping up with him. Peter was about fifty yards in front of

me. And we only had half a lap to go!

I was so surprised and mad, I just yelled. I practically went straight up in the air, I took off so fast. I left Timmy as if he had been planted in the track. But Peter meant business. He knew what he was doing. He probably had planned all along to pick up a lead so big that I couldn't make it up with my stretch run.

I never ran so hard in all my life. I ran that last eighth mile as if it were a hundred-yard dash. But it wasn't any good. Peter had too much lead, and he had plenty of courage. He wasn't giving in. Still, I gained. I gritted my teeth and tried to push the air back with my hands. My mouth was completely dry and my tongue felt like a piece of wood. Everything got fuzzy-looking and turned bluish. But I ran harder.

I was still running when the

race was over. They had to come out and stop me. I could hardly breathe. I was shaking all over and I couldn't stand. I just sat down there on the grass. "Did I win?" I asked. I don't know who I said it to. I still couldn't see very well. They were all quiet for a minute. "You lost by about a foot," they said.

I thought I was going to cry. I'm not ashamed to admit it. I was so disappointed and tired. We had lost the meet and I wasn't going to get the boat. But, worst of all, I had lost the race.

That evening I went back to the pond to think things over, or maybe just to sit and mourn, I don't know. Anyway, it was a cool evening. The fireflies were out. I made a pass at one but didn't catch it. I was glad, really. I never could get over the notion that they'll burn you if you touch one.

When I got to the top of the rise that looks down on the pond and the woods, I found my grandfather there. I was surprised to see him.

"Thought you might be turning up here," he said.

I sat down next to him on a rock. We both looked out at the pond. The boat was on it. I gave a jump. "Why," I said, "how come the boat's out there? I lost the race."

Grandfather lighted his pipe



and let me wait. "You got any excuses for losing the race?" he asked.

I thought a minute. Maybe I did. I knew that nine times out of ten, any day in the week, I could beat Peter Hayes by the length of a threshing machine. He just had too much of a lead. But, after all, it was my fault that he got so much lead. I should have been more alert.

"No excuses," I said.

"The boat's yours," he said.

"What?" I practically yelled. "But I lost the race!"

"I didn't say you had to win it," he said. "I just said you had to run a good race."

I was stubborn. I wanted the boat but it didn't seem right to get it on false pretenses. "I don't think I ran a good race," I said. "A good race is a winning race."

"No, sir," he said. His pipe had gone out, and he lighted it again. It was dark enough now so that his whole face was made bright by the matchlight.

"Any race is a good race, win or lose, when you run it like a man."

## Puddles After Rain

By Helen Rosina

I stamp, stamp, stamp in puddles  
With a squishy-squoshy sound,  
And watch the bubbles turning  
Funny flip-flops on the ground.



"I just thought EVERYBODY knew how to make pigtailed!"

# A Hat for Crumpet

By Barbee Oliver Carleton  
Illustrated by Ted Schroeder

Crumpet was a big, friendly trolley horse—years ago when trolley cars were drawn by horses. “Maybe I shouldn’t say so,” declared Crumpet, “but I suppose I’m the biggest, friendliest trolley horse in all New York.”

Crumpet was right. Wherever she went, clippity-clop, East Side, West Side, all around the town, people looked twice at Crumpet—even the Mayor.

“And I suppose,” thought Crumpet happily, “that Bill Bailey is the snappiest-looking driver anywhere at all.”

Sure enough! Bill Bailey sat high and handsome in the driver’s seat behind Crumpet. He tipped his hat to everyone as merrily as you please.

“Without a doubt,” went on Crumpet, looking over her shoulder, “our trolley is the prettiest little trolley you ever did see.”

And it was, indeed! Golden squiggles all over the sides. Scallops on the top. “And the nicest people in New York,” Crumpet decided, “sitting on the red plush seats.” The mothers in their neat straw hats. The fathers in their derbies. The dearest and the cleanest children in the world. And ONE fine spring morning, the Mayor himself!

“Top of the morning, Bill Bailey!” the Mayor boomed. “And what’s an elegant horse like Crumpet doing without a hat? Every trolley horse in New York has a hat!”

Elegant! The Mayor called her ELEGANT! Pointing her toes, Crumpet trotted off so smartly that all the nice passengers held onto their hats to keep from losing them.

“Sure, your Honor,” laughed Bill Bailey. “I’ll get her a hat for Easter.”

All the way down Fifth Avenue, Crumpet peered into the hatshops. She wondered which hat Bill Bailey would buy. “Maybe,” she thought, “the sailor hat with the ribbons down the back. Or maybe one of those wide, ELEGANT hats with roses around the brim!” At the very thought, Crumpet did a two-step all the way to City Hall.

That night Crumpet dreamed about hats—all sorts of hats. And every one of them was beautiful and fancy.

Next morning in came Bill Bailey with Crumpet’s breakfast — and something else. “Here you are, Crumpet!” he sang. “The comfiest, droopiest old hat anywhere in town.



Got it off the dump.”

And Bill Bailey, because he loved Crumpet, carefully cut two large holes for Crumpet’s ears. He put the hat on Crumpet’s head. “Very snappy!” said Bill Bailey, and off they started up the Avenue.

Poor Crumpet! Maybe, if she tiptoed very softly between the rails,

and hung her head very low whenever anybody got on, maybe nobody would notice.

“WHAT’S THE MATTER WITH CRUMPET?” everybody asked.

“I wish I knew,” worried Bill Bailey.

“I hate to say it,” said the Mayor, “but an elegant trolley like this needs an elegant horse to pull it.”

All the nice passengers stared at Crumpet, dragging her feet up ahead. “What’s the matter with Crumpet?” they asked one another.

But the children, who loved Crumpet very much, knew exactly what was the matter. They whispered to Bill Bailey.

Bill Bailey said, “Well, what do you know! Maybe you’re right. A SPLENDID idea!”

Crumpet, with her head hanging down to her knees and the old hat drooping over her eyes, heard the whispers. Then she heard the secret clinking of many pennies and dimes. Then, right in front of a hatshop, the

clang, clang of the trolley bell. Crumpet stopped. Passengers got off and went into the shop—mothers, fathers, children.

Crumpet didn’t notice. Her heart was so heavy that she didn’t even wonder what Bill Bailey was waiting for. She squeezed her eyes tight shut to hold back the big tears.

Then a voice said softly, “Crumpet, this is for you.”

Crumpet lifted her head. There beside her were the children, taking something out of a box. A something that was wide and elegant and fancy with roses and streamers! Off came the droopy old hat. On went the beautiful new one.

“Happy Easter, Crumpet!” smiled the children. Then they hopped back on the trolley.

“CLANG, CLANG, CLANG!” went the bell. Up came Crumpet’s head in the elegant hat. She pointed her toes daintily. Then, with her nose held high and her roses bobbing and her streamers flying, off down the Avenue she trotted.

All the way Crumpet sang to herself:

Clippity-clop! Twiddle-dee-dee!  
This is just the hat for a  
horse like me!





## Baby Moses and the Princess

A Bible Story By Dora P. Chaplin

10

Long, long ago, the people of Israel lived in Egypt and worked for the Egyptians. These Egyptians made the lives of the people of Israel bitter with hard bondage, and were very cruel to them. They feared that in any war the Israelites might join their enemies and fight against them. Pharaoh was particularly cruel to the boy babies of the Israelites. It was about this time that Moses was born. The Bible tells his story about like this:

Because his mother feared that her newborn baby might be taken from her, she hid him in her

house for three months. When she could no longer hide him, she made a basket of rushes, and daubed it with pitch, and put the child in it, and laid it in the reeds by the river's brink.

And Miriam, his sister, stood afar off to see what would be done to him.

And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side, and when she saw the basket among the reeds, she sent her maid to fetch it.

And when she opened it, she

saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And the princess felt sorry for him, and said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children."

Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and call for you a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for you?"

And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Go." And the sister went and called the child's mother.

And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give you your wages." And the woman took the child, and nursed it.

And the child grew, and she brought him to Pharaoh's daughter, and he lived in the palace. And he was called Moses which means "out of the water."

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson



### My Prayer

By Dorothy I. Liermark

Dear God, I thank you for the food  
I have each day to eat,  
And for the signs that help me when  
I have to cross the street.  
I thank you for the school where  
I learn to read and write.  
Thank you for the sun each day,  
And for the stars at night.

★ Who is too old or too young to like to hear or read this old, old story?

### People Pray

By Gina Bell

People pray to God in French,  
In Spanish, and in Greek,  
And God understands us all  
No matter how we speak.

### Sky Marks

By Annie Kendall Wilson

A crepe-paper cloud ran across the sky  
With only the wind for a sail.  
A noisy jet came rushing by  
And gave it a long white tail.

### Proverbs of the Bible

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Ecclesiastes 9

A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly, and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Proverbs 18

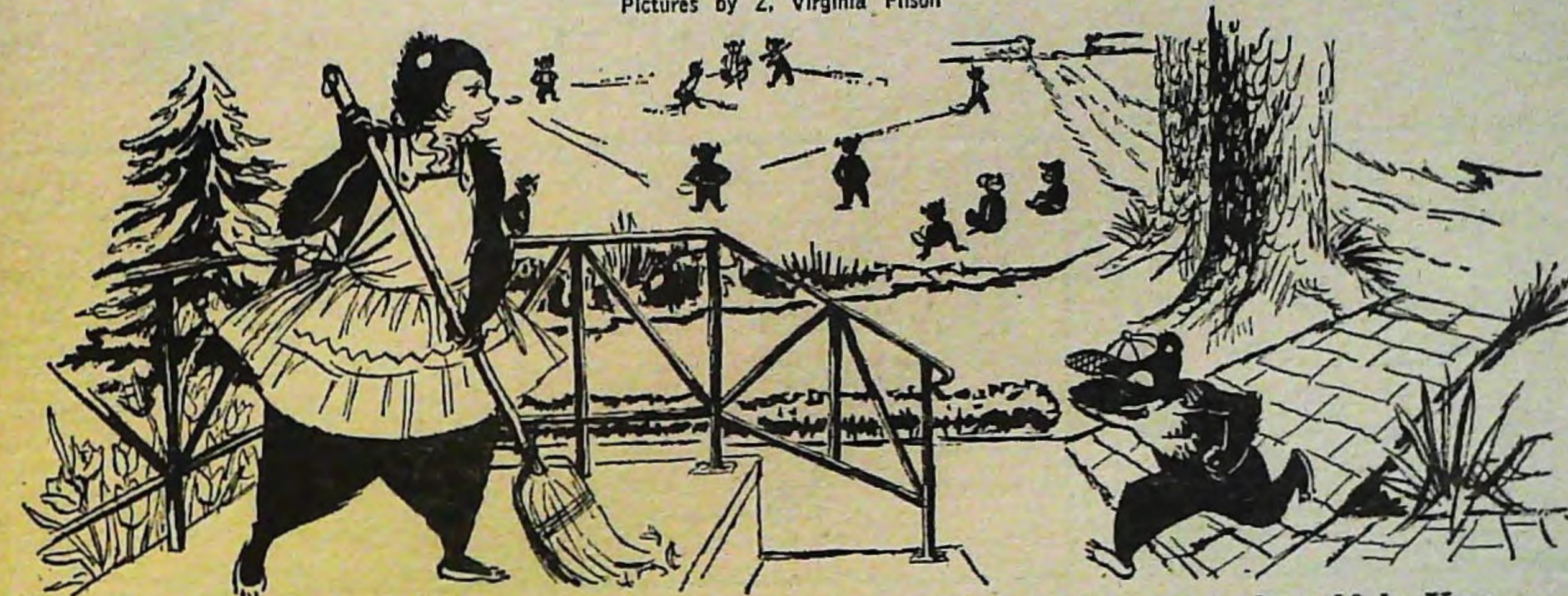
The just man walketh in his integrity; his children are blessed after him.

Proverbs 20

## Piddy Saves His Tears

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Z. Virginia Filson

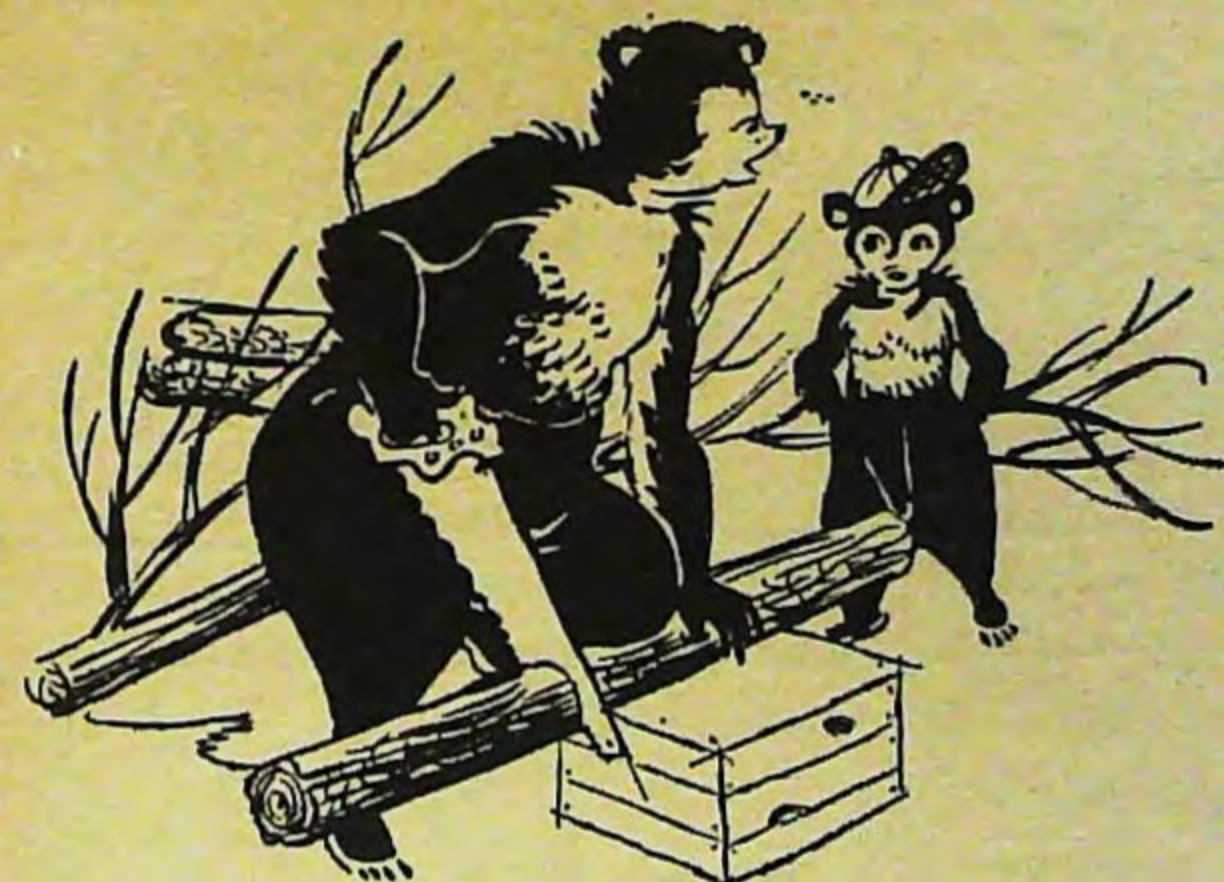


Mother: "What's wrong, Piddy?"

Piddy: "They wouldn't let me be first at bat."

Mother: "You don't want to be selfish. You must take your turn."

Piddy: "But I wanted the first turn."



Piddy: "The boys laugh at me and call me a crybaby."

Father: "Just don't let them see you cry."



Piddy: "How do you keep from crying, Poozy?"

Poozy: "I hide behind something when I must cry."



Mother: "You don't come in crying any more, Piddy."

Piddy: "I learned the rules of the game."

Poozy: "And you don't let the kids see you crying."

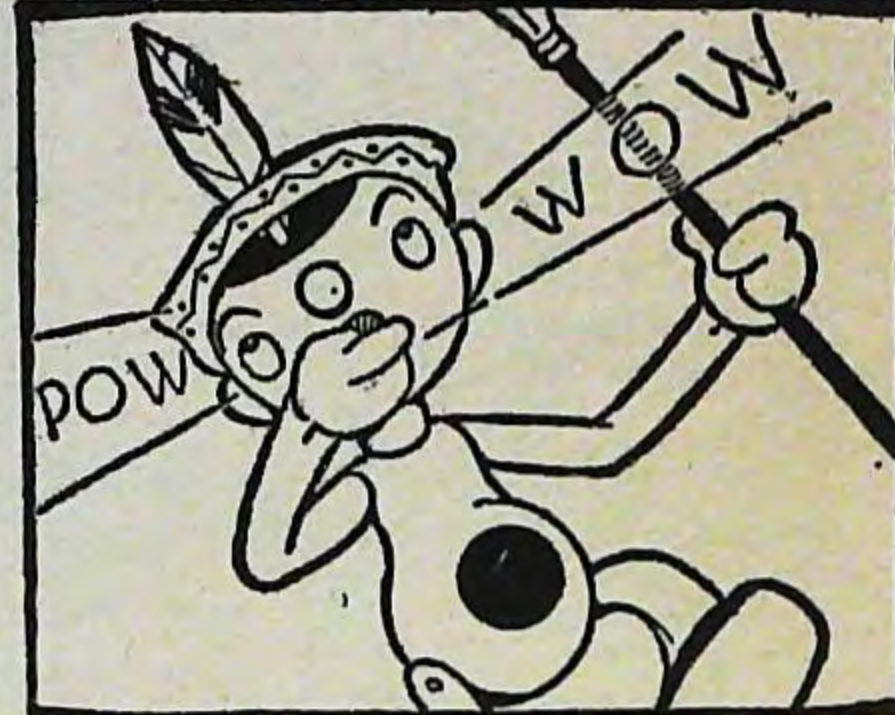
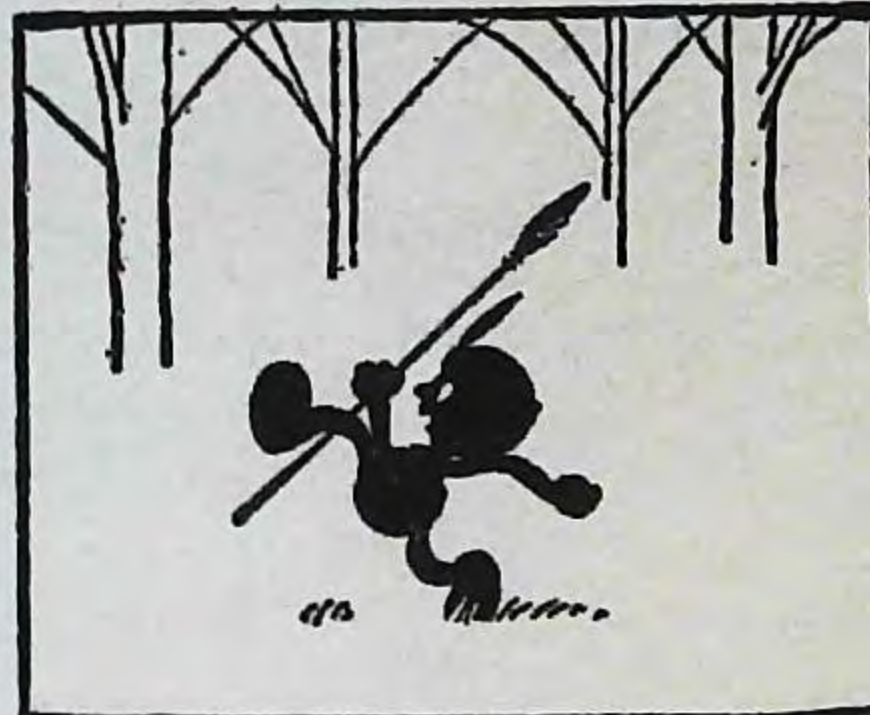
Piddy: "The boys like to play with me now."

★ Piddy learns not to cry when things don't go his way.

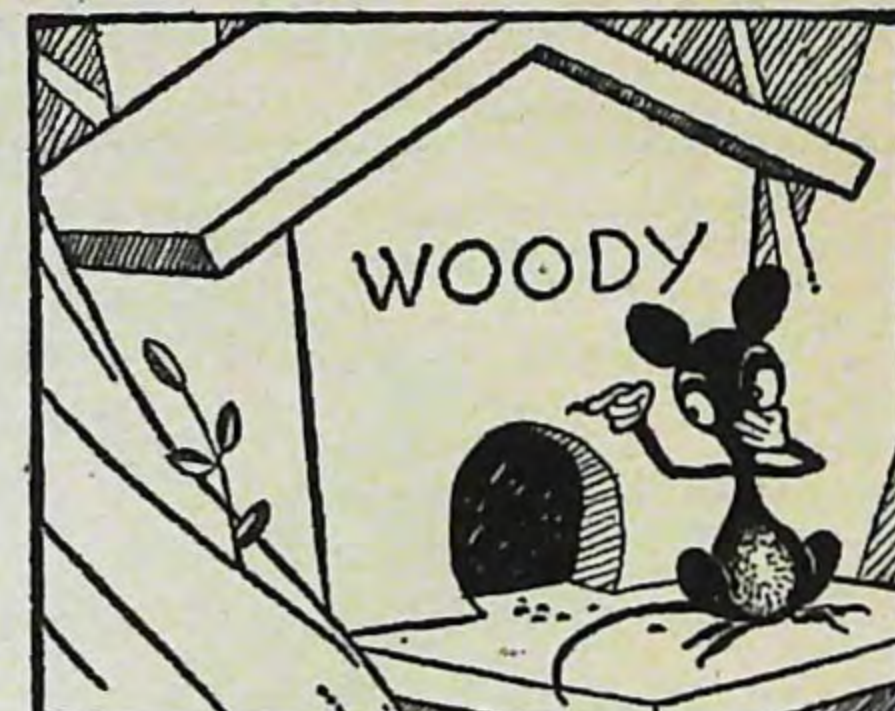
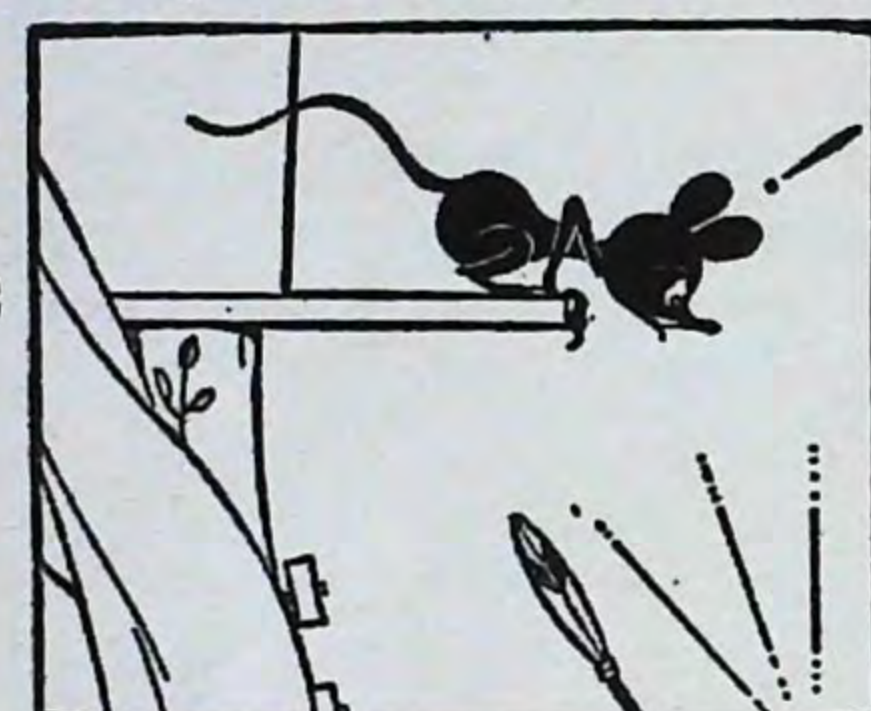
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# THE TIMBERTOES

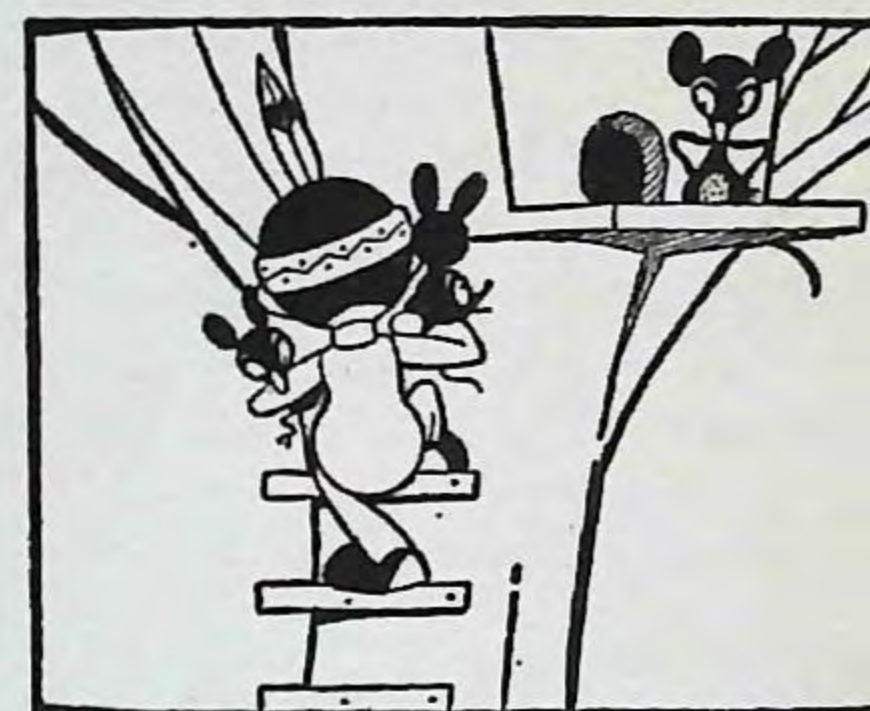
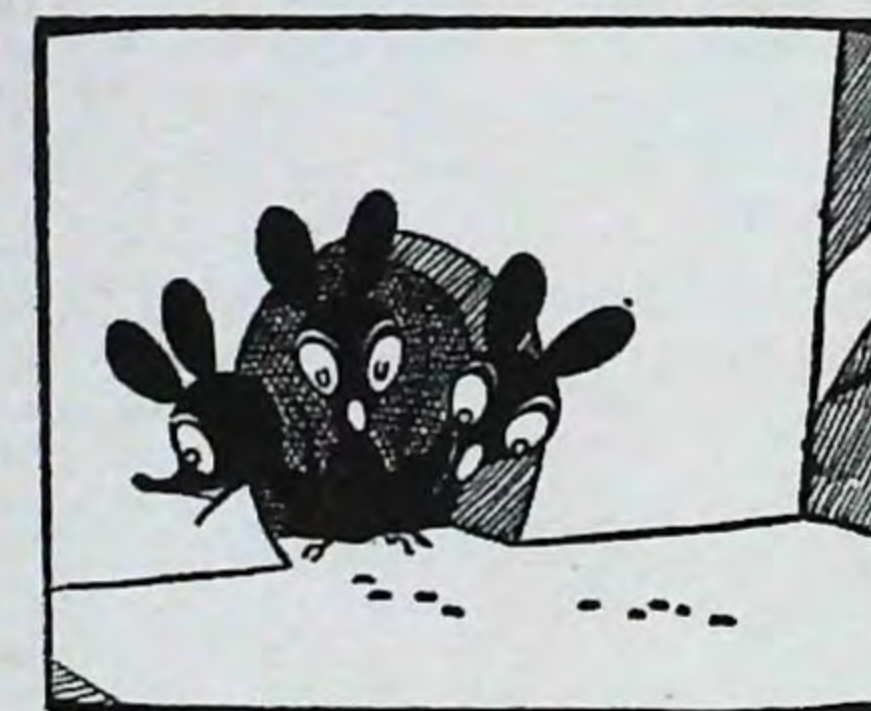
by John Gee



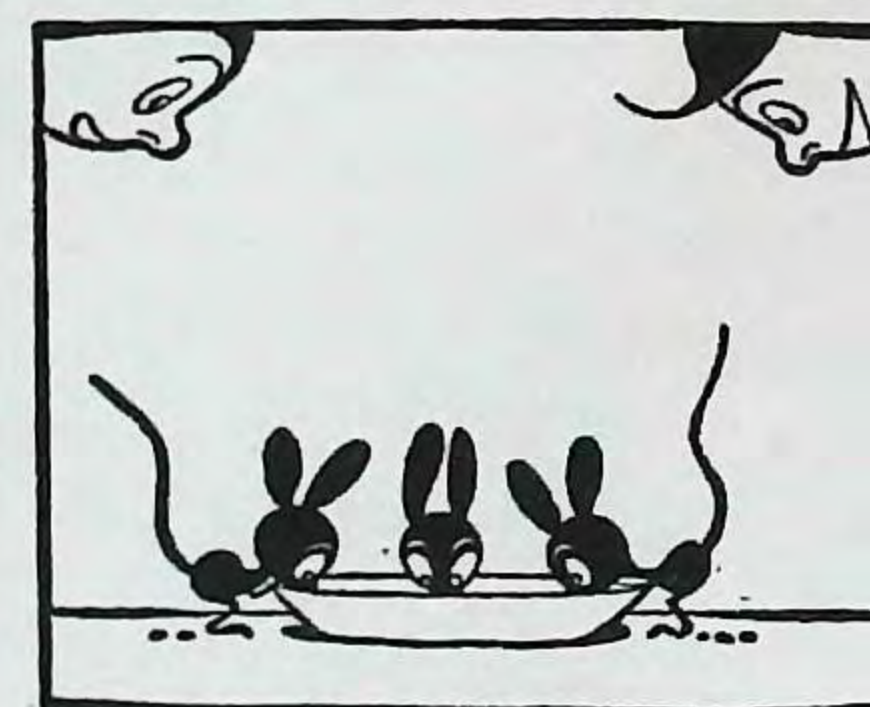
Tommy LOVED playing Indian. He danced an Indian dance in the woods. It was a great whoop-de-do!



"QUIET, down there!" cried Woody Woodmouse. "Why?" asked Tommy. "Come on up and see," said Woody.



Guess what Tommy saw. Three mouse babies! Woody gave Tommy permission to take the babies home.



to show Mother Timbertoes. Mother set down a pan of milk for them. Then Tommy took the babies back.

★ A child may learn to read from this page before he gets his first reading lesson at school. Older children and their parents enjoy it, too.

## Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips

Hello there:

The Jollington children have lived in Alaska. Now their father has been transferred to Pennsylvania, so Judy and Pat go to Sammy's school.

"We were so excited in Alaska," said Pat, "about being the forty-ninth state. And now we're excited about going to school in Lansdowne."

Sammy has learned to be kind to strangers, so on Saturday he invited the Jollingtons to join the Surprise Club.

As the new children followed Sammy through the wood, they loved the lacy greenery. "How wonderful to come here in spring-time!" exclaimed Judy.

Explaining the Surprise Club, Sammy said, "It's a neat idea. We have meetings and plan pleasant surprises."

"What sort of surprises?" asked Judy.

"Well, for grownups," said Sammy, "things that make them happy. Then they stop scolding and start smiling."

"And some kids aren't as fortunate as we are, so it's important to plan surprises for them."

"Can you belong if you pay dues?" asked Pat.

"We must have SOME money," said Sammy, "for certain surprises. So you earn money when you can, and you put half of it in the Surprise Box."



"And when some guy like an uncle or a grandmother gives you money for your birthday, you don't spend it all on yourself. You put some of it in the box, too."

"This month Billy Bates is President because we're planning Easter Surprises for shut-ins. He had polio and he knows what it's like to live in a wheel chair."

By this time they had reached the Spivens meadow. It was sparkling with spring miracles. Sammy's house sat snugly in a clump of trees.

Tiptoeing into the barn, Sammy whispered, "That's Henrietta, our hen. She's busy laying eggs. That's why I put up the sign 'Don't Disturb.' We'll dye the eggs nifty colors and they'll be Surprise Club Easter eggs."

"I can imagine how proud Henrietta will be," giggled Judy.

"Probably," said Pat, "she'll pretend that she laid them that way."

Billy Bates is older than the other children and they look up to him.

The members of the Surprise Club were chattering like starlings. The President banged the gavel. "Will the meeting stop horsing around and sit down," he shouted.

The meeting sat down. "Reports, please," said Billy. Sammy reported: "I'm Collector of Stuff. Mr. Twinkleton at the toyshop gave us a lot of Easter baskets which we'll fill with candy and toy ducklings."

★ Members of the Surprise Club practice in ways of being thoughtful of crippled children, reminding us that we can.

Mrs. Parsons at the corner store gave three boxes of chocolate eggs and the ducklings. The Oh Boy Candy Company gave ten pounds of jelly beans."

Larabee Chuckleby reported: "Three other guys and I made ten scrapbooks of funny jokes."

Michael Manly reported: "We've collected books, magazines, and jigsaw puzzles. The neighbors were swell."

Martha Merrivale reported: "The girls and I cut out clothes and dresses from magazines, and we have lots of paper doll sets for little sick girls."

George Gruffington, Jr., reported: "On Easter morning I'll pack boxes of Easter lilies from my father's greenhouses."

"What can we do?" asked Pat and Judy.

President Billy answered, "It will be wonderful if you'll help dye the eggs and be on the Pick-and-Bunch Committee."

"We have to pick zillions of daffodils down by the stream," explained Martha, "and we'll tie them with yellow ribbons."

My, I'm proud of children!

On Easter morning the spring breezes blew sounds of joy as the children loaded the station wagon with their surprises.

How wonderful to see the wistful eyes of the crippled children shining with delight! You see, each one had his own special share of spring on Easter morning.

Happy Easter!  
Aunt Dorothy

"Let's ask the HIGHLIGHTS children to plan Surprise Clubs," said Mrs. Columbus to her husband.





## Hidden Pictures

In this large picture find the fox's head, coolie, teapot, squirrel, fish, lady, cat, frog, pig, old woman's head.

★ This pictured story is of long ago.

## A Night I Remember

By Max Robin



All religious faiths have their own important celebrations; and it is good to learn about them. This story is about one of the favorite holidays of Jewish boys and girls everywhere—Passover.

The rain started to fall as we were leaving the synagogue. There were many of us streaming out at the same time, joined by other worshipers who were also leaving their synagogues. I held onto my father's hand to make sure I would not be lost in the night among so many, many people returning home in a hurry this first evening of Passover.

The distance we had to cover was very long. So, at least, it seemed to me. I followed Father bravely, running rapidly at his side in order to keep up with him. At the end of a few short blocks he lifted me up, kissed me on the forehead, and clasped me close to his chest as he raced along the rest of the way home. I would not have cared if it had gone on raining the rest of the night, I felt so safe and snug in Father's strong, protective arms—even

though I did feel a little ashamed to be carried like a baby.

So I felt just as happy to be released and set down on the dry floor of our vestibule. And I had no sooner opened the door to the kitchen than I saw the lights, felt the warmth, and smelled all the special foods which are prepared for Passover. I had been too young to appreciate them the year before.

"A happy holiday!" Father called out cheerfully.

"Happy holiday!" Mother answered with no less cheer.

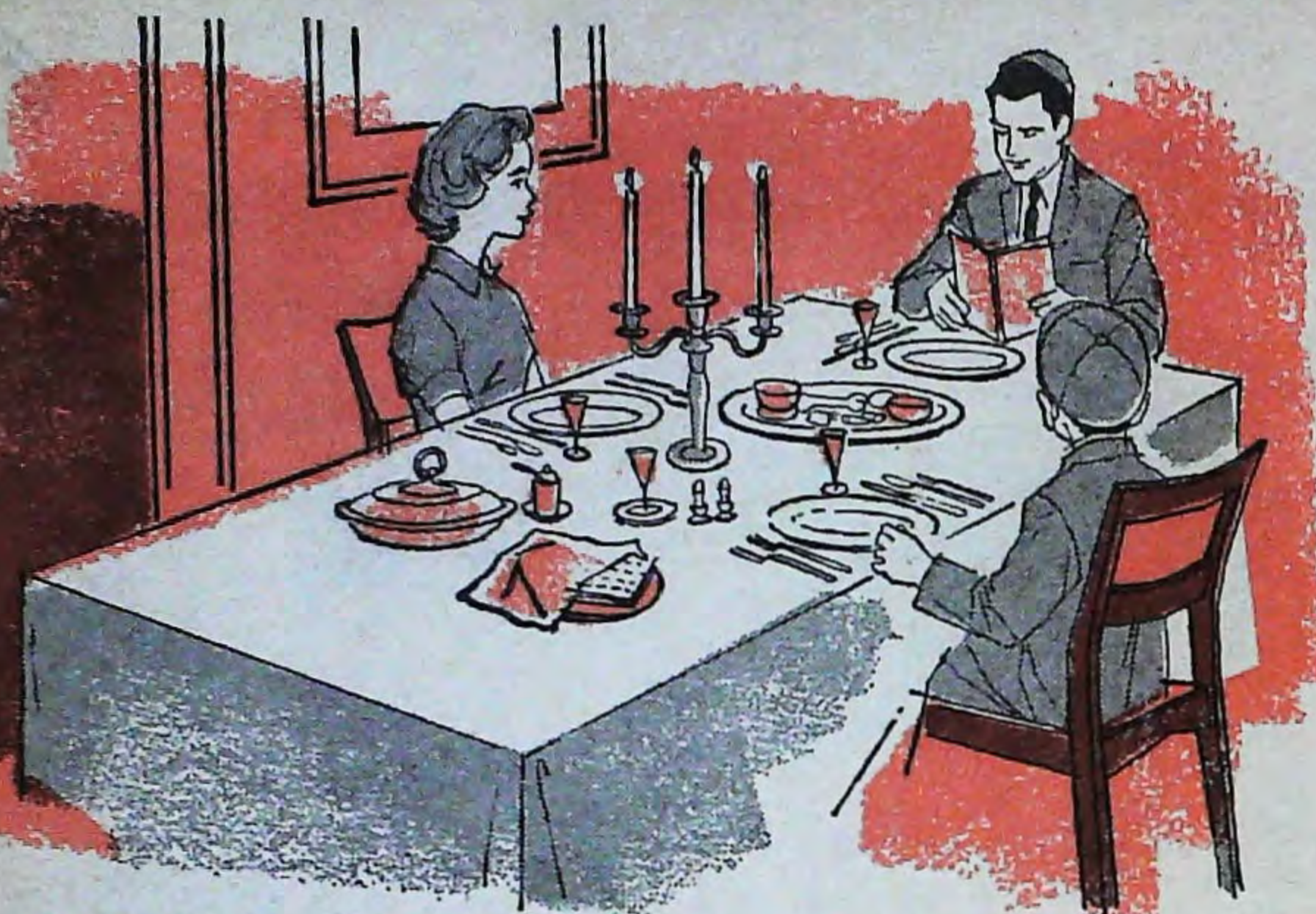
I stood by, slightly wet in my brand-new garments, feeling that I had been forgotten by both. But no, I wasn't—I never, never was forgotten or neglected by my parents. Mother, as soon as she was free, took me in her hands. She looked me over, fixed my hair, set my cap straight on my head. She sighed with such deep satisfaction that I couldn't help feeling a little sad. Father disappeared in the bedroom where our new baby—a girl—was sleep-

ing. And I went straight to the table where I thought I should sit and await the opening of the first festival of our Passover holiday.

From then on I could have been a prince in some glorious fairyland. Father came in, rubbing his hands, his eyes beaming at the table with its white cloth, its matzoth (wafers of unleavened bread). He pinched my cheek and stroked my head with such

Illustrated by Jerome Weisman





great tenderness that it made me feel funny inside.

I didn't quite understand the many mysterious acts he performed, but I followed him faithfully as he went about arranging the three matzoth. On these he placed the green end of horseradish, then a small mound of the grated herb, in their respective positions; also a boiled egg, the shank bone of a lamb, and a portion of grated nuts and apples mixed with cinnamon, ginger, and wine, called haroseth.

I watched with eager eyes everything which Father did, but I missed much of what was happening that night at our holiday table. Father poured the wine

into our fancy wineglasses, and he then started to read the Haggadah—a book of stories, songs, and rhymes about the Jews going out from Egypt.

I did my share, taking a small sip of the wine after Father had recited the Kiddush. Then, prodded and helped by Father, I tried to ask the "four questions" which it is the duty of the son to address to his father.

I joined my parents in the feast of Passover, having sampled the haroseth, then the egg. And Father had nothing but praise for Mother's gefülte fish, served with horseradish, red from beet juice. The dinner ended with Mother's little pancakes which

tasted crisp and delicious. And we wound up reading the Haggadah with its most melodious passages which Father had learned from his father, as I was learning from him.

So the celebration of Passover was first impressed upon me. I watched and listened, without understanding too well what was going on. But, judging by the praise I received from both Father and Mother, I was ready to believe that the holiday would not have been a success without me. The occasion left a deep and lasting effect.

When the Passover of the next year approached, and I was old enough to attend Seder (a special worship service held on the first night of Passover), I learned more about the Haggadah—about the enslavement of my forefathers in Egypt under the yoke of the Pharaohs—about their deliverance, and the significance of the six articles placed upon the three matzoth. And my rabbi taught me how to recite the Kiddush (a special prayer) by myself, and—most important—how to ask my father the famous "four questions," the answers to which tell the story of my forefathers' liberation from slavery.

## Matching Pictures

Look at each nest at the left. Find another nest like it at the right.



robin



oven bird



hummingbird



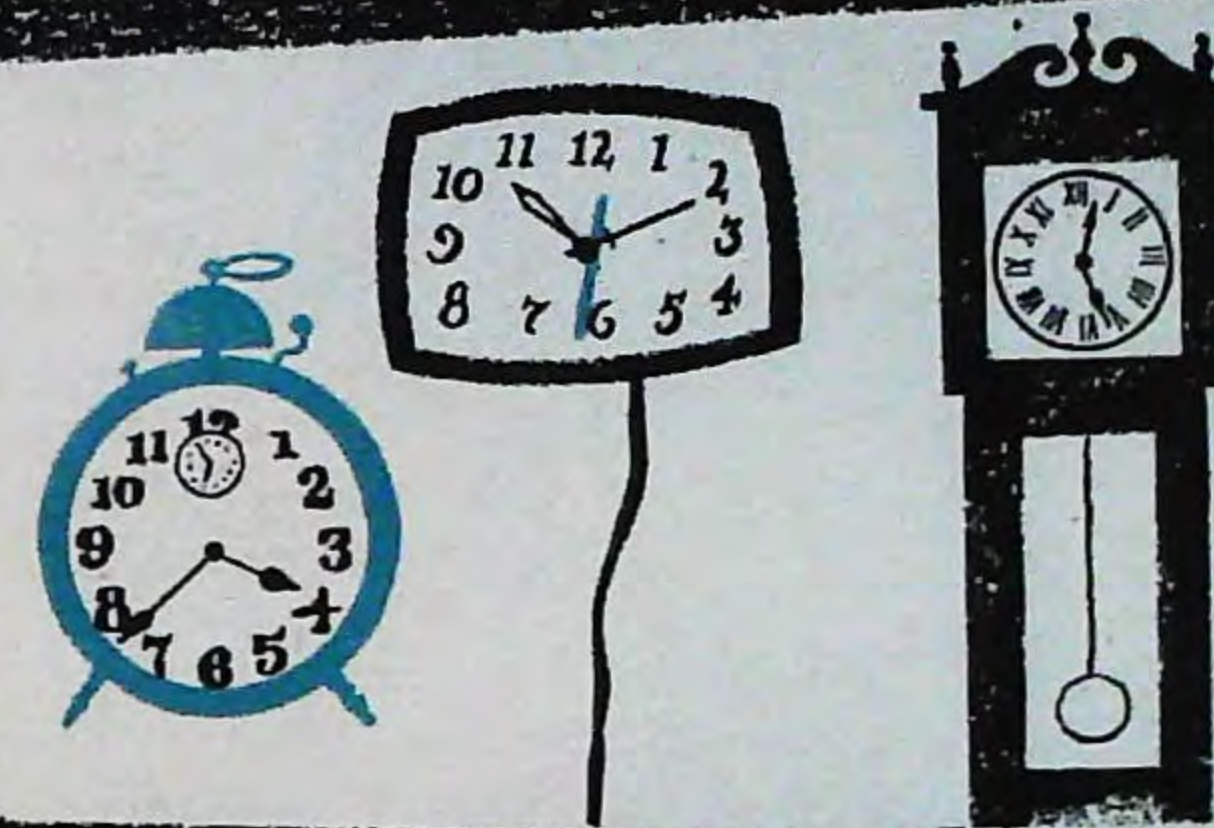
oriole



# Thinking for Fun

## Kinds of Clocks

How are these clocks all alike?  
How is each one different from the others?

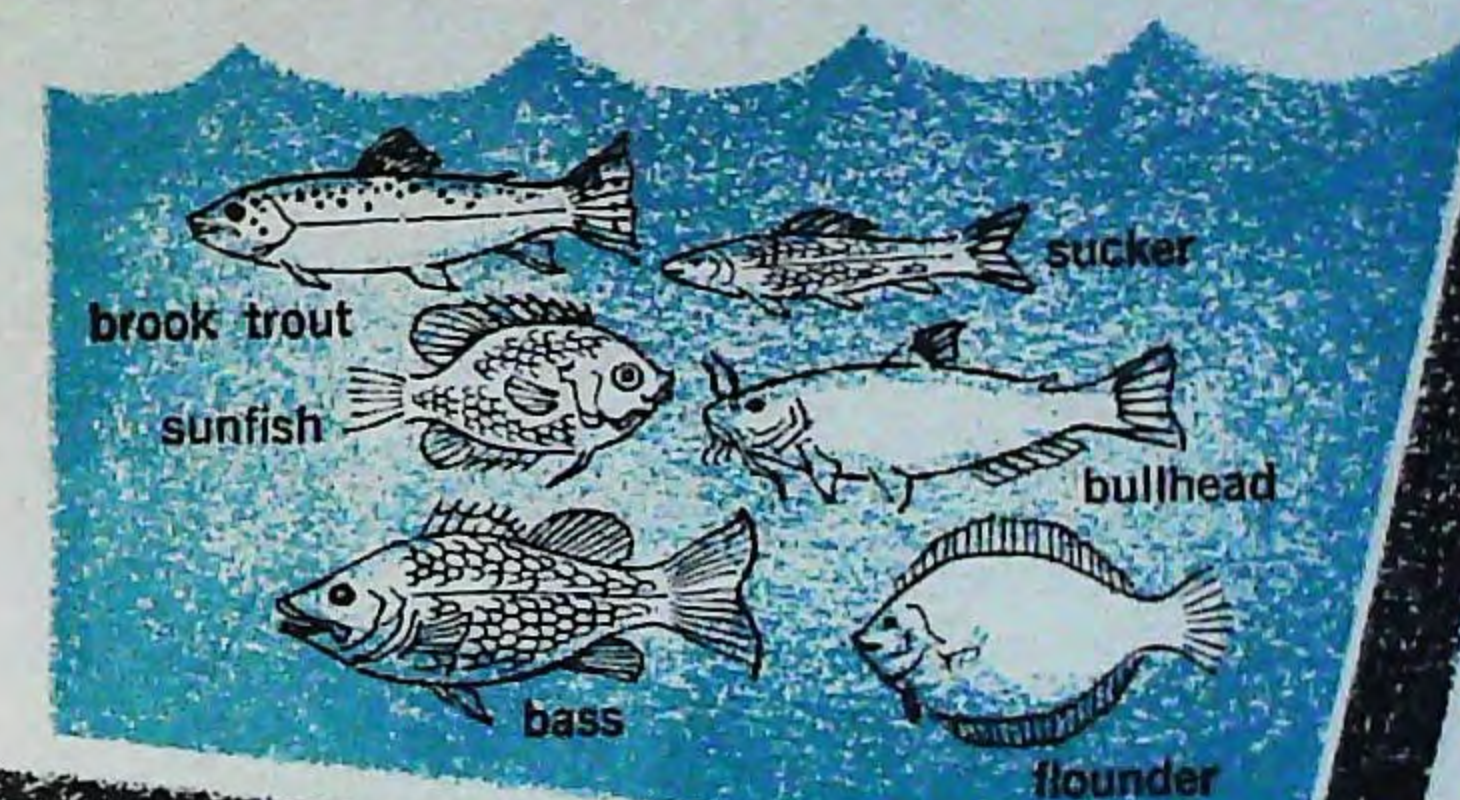


## Days of Special Meaning to Certain Religious Groups

Christmas	Hanukkah	Assumption	Easter	Ascension
Passover	Purim	All Saints	Yom Kippur	Good Friday

Which of these are observed by your family?

Which have many scales?  
Which have none?  
Which has two sharp things like thorns on its head?  
Which have you caught?  
From which can you remove the bones most easily after it is cooked?



Which are pictures of something being made or created?  
Which are pictures of something being destroyed?  
Would you rather create or destroy?

## Creating or Destroying?





By K. L. Boynton

Formerly of the Staff  
Chicago Natural History Museum

Wildlife society has its touring gentry. Some are north-south commuters on a regular schedule. At certain times, some land creatures return to the sea, and some sea dwellers go inland. Other characters just start out to seek their fortunes in the wide, wide world. Whatever the reason, a lot of traveling goes on, and there are many ways of doing it.

Birds are the worst gadabouts of all nature's children. Twice a year certain kinds of birds pull off a big tourist movement which is known as migration. In the spring they leave their winter homes in the south for summer homes to the north. There they raise their families. In the fall, they shove off back south again, this time with all their new children. Some, like the arctic tern, may travel as far as 11,000 miles per trip.

This business has been going on longer than anybody knows, but nobody can tell exactly why. Scientists have come up with

various answers like climate, food supply, and light, but these don't fit all cases.

When it comes to figuring out how birds know where they want to go, and most of all how to get there, people are still stumped. A lot of it is inborn instinct—a know-how handed down naturally like a duckling knowing he can swim, and a chick knowing very well he can't. The real answer is strictly for the birds. And up until now, at least, they've managed to keep it a secret.

Birds seem to stick to fairly regular routes, following mountain chains, coast lines, or river valleys, if possible. They move along at a steady rate. They probably use their eyes and ears a lot to keep them on the right route. A great deal of loose flying in flocks is done at night, particularly by shy tourists like thrushes, warblers, and country sparrows. They probably feel safer traveling then. They rest

during daylight hours when they can see best to feed.

Strong-winged birds such as robins, blackbirds, and bobolinks travel by day mostly. And so do easy fliers like swifts. Big jobs like geese, cranes, and ducks travel by day or night. They generally fly in neat order, like soldiers.

Not all birds travel at the same time. Seed eaters come north earlier than insect eaters, who have to wait for their dinners to wake up and know it's spring. Usually, the first birds to come are the last to go, the bluebird being a good example.

Most birds change their feathers about August. Now, birds are very neat about their clothes. They keep their feathers smoothed down and in place with their bills. When they're molting, their old feathers stick out every which way, and they look like beat-up old feather dusters. They hide as much as they can. But when they get their new traveling clothes—new sleek feathers—they feel fine. They gather in large flocks, all their friends and relations from far and wide, with their new crop of children. They practice zooming and flying together. September is the height of the tourist season, with flock after flock taking off, the older birds leading, probably.

Some birds raising their families in the northern states travel

long ways. Central America is a favorite winter resort, and South America another. But not all birds go so far. Robins and bluebirds, for instance, may winter in the middle, southern, or gulf states. Sometimes birds from Canada will winter in the northern states and go back to Canada in the summer. The temperate region, therefore, may have both summer and winter resorts.

The big and gorgeously colored monarch butterflies travel, too. In the early fall, large bands of these beautiful creatures gather together on a tree branch, looking like a great sheet of flame. You can see them coming through the air by twos and threes, fluttering, flying. Suddenly they veer off and come to rest near the others.

Nobody knows exactly how butterflies plan to get together. Perhaps the perfume from the scent scales on the back wings of the males, guides the others to them. When they're ready, they start off south, flying about 300 feet in the air. They reach the gulf states about November, where they go into a sort of winter sleep. In the spring they fly in flocks back to the middle states.

Alaska fur seals are long voyagers, too. They like to bring up their children in the Pribilof Islands near Alaska. But they can't stay there all year, so the females and young travel some 2000 miles to Santa Barbara, California, to spend the winter, returning next season. Nobody is sure just how the seals manage to find their way, but it is thought that ocean currents help guide them.

Reindeer who live in Newfoundland travel from the north to the south of the island when winter comes. They move in large herds, sometimes marching along in single file. In the spring, when they head back north, the does and fawns generally go first. The stags come along a little later.

Salmon are prize travelers among fish. Most of their lives are spent in the sea, but in the late winter they make great trips up inland rivers, fighting the current and leaping barriers all the way. The idea behind all this travel is to get upstream for family-raising. The eggs are laid and hatched in the river bed. The young fishlets live in the river until they're about two years old. Then they shove off down to the sea, themselves. When they're really grown-up, they make the hard trip upriver to raise their own families.

Among the strange characters who have a sudden yen to go to sea are land crabs and robber crabs. They live inland. But when family-raising time comes, they hike off down to the shore and lay their eggs in the water. The young crabs spend their childhood there, then trek off inland when they are full-grown.

Toads are other dry-landers that make journeys to water, hopping long distances to get to favorite ponds. After laying their eggs, they hop back to the drier places they like best. The eggs hatch into tadpoles, the tads change into toadlets, and these little jobs climb out of the swamps and take to the woods, too.



Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

# Jungle Party

By Bernice Walz

Illustrated by Constance W. Kermeler



A make-believe trip to the jungle can be lots of fun as your guests imagine they are explorers and hunters on a safari into deepest Africa.

Decorate one room in the house, perhaps the basement or garage, to represent a jungle. Also make use of any bushes or small trees around the house in which to hide toy animals or cut-out paper animals for use in a party game.

The room used for the jungle can be draped with strips of green crepe paper to look like tangled vines. Colorful pictures of jungle animals, birds, and flowers, cut from old magazines, can be placed around the room.

Use a large cardboard circle covered with aluminum foil, for a water hole. Place it in a corner of the room with stuffed toy animals around it as if wanting a drink. If you don't have enough stuffed animals, ask each guest

to bring one of his toy animals.

## African Jungle Invitation

Draw a map of Africa on a fold of yellow construction paper. Cut it out, leaving it joined together on the left side. Print the invitation on the front and inside. Decorate it with jungle animal stickers, if you like.

As the guests arrive, fasten a jungle animal name on each, such as Monkey Ann, Lion Jim, Elephant Jean. Be sure to choose names that won't hurt your friends' feelings. Don't name a plump boy "elephant" or a tall girl "giraffe." Each guest is then called by his jungle name during the party. If anyone forgets and calls someone by any other name, he must pay a forfeit.

## Bring-'em-back-alive Safari

Divide the guests into two groups. Choose one child from each side to be a leader. At a given signal, each leader takes his group around the yard, looking for hidden animals.

When all the animals are found, they are counted. Each player on the winning side is given a box of animal crackers for a prize. The leader whose side wins may wear a crown cut from a paper bag on which is printed "King of the Jungle."

## Jungle Animal Guess

The guests march around a

table, on which is a plate filled with jungle animal crackers. Each child tries to guess how many animals are on the plate, then whispers his guess to the player wearing the crown. The one who makes the nearest correct guess now may wear the crown. He is given a small elephant figurine for a prize.

## Jungle Walk

Chairs are lined up, back to back, one less chair than there are players. As some jungle music is played, the children walk around the chairs, imitating the walk of a different jungle animal each time. When the music stops, everyone scrambles for a seat. The one without a seat is out. One chair is removed each time. The player to stay in the longest now wears the crown. Give him a coconut candy bar for a prize.

## Monkeyshines

Give each guest a turn in doing a funny stunt or monkeyshine, to make the others laugh. As soon as someone laughs, give the one doing the stunt a stick of gum.

The guests who had to pay forfeits for calling someone by the wrong name can now redeem them by doing an extra monkeyshine. As soon as they make someone laugh, give back the forfeit.

## Table Decorations

For place cards, find a colored jungle animal in old magazines to go with each guest's jungle name. Mount them on heavy paper and cut them out. Print each guest's jungle name on a slip of paper and paste it to the cutout. Attach a cardboard standard.

Cover the party table with brown wrapping paper.

## Refreshments

Place a jungle cake in the table center. Frost your favorite round cake with pale-green icing. Stick all kinds of jungle flowers on the top of the cake. Use a

green pipe cleaner for the stem, run it through the center of a scalloped circle of colored construction paper, then into a small colored gumdrop. Cut the stems in various lengths. Construction paper leaves can be pasted on the stems. Press chocolate or gumdrop babies against the frosting around the outside of the cake.



# Milly and the New Hat

By Adrienne Knox

Milly was a tiny little mouse. She lived in a great big closet in a great big house. Milly was a very happy mouse. She played all day long with the things in the closet.

There were boots to slide down . . . whee-ee-ee-ee!

And old Easter baskets to hide in . . . peekaboo-oo!

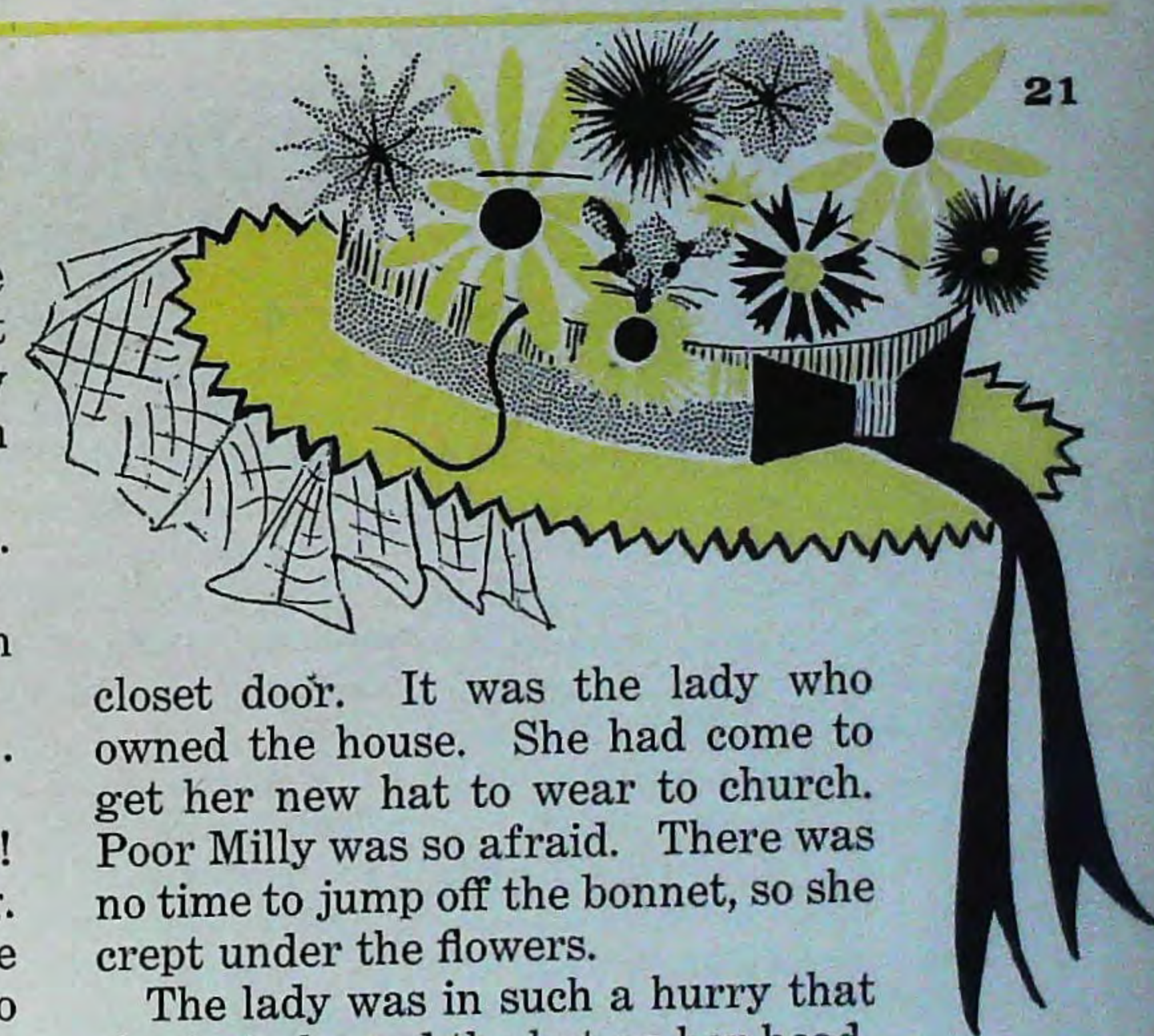
And tiny tinkle bells to ring . . . ting-a-ling-a-ling!

And oodles of hats to play with! Milly loved hats more than anything. She would chew on them, or bounce on them, or just snuggle up and go to sleep on them.

One morning there was a brand-new hat in the closet. It was the most beautiful bonnet in the whole wide world. It had all sorts of flowers and leaves and ribbons on it.

Milly ran over to it as fast as her tiny legs would go.

Just then someone opened the



closet door. It was the lady who owned the house. She had come to get her new hat to wear to church. Poor Milly was so afraid. There was no time to jump off the bonnet, so she crept under the flowers.

The lady was in such a hurry that she just plopped the hat on her head. She did not see the little mouse hiding on it.

So Milly got a free ride to church and back. It was so much fun, she decided she would do it every week.

After that, Milly was a closet mouse on weekdays. But she was a church mouse on Sunday.





## 22 Freddie and the Jump-frog

By Marilyn Watson

Freddie was a very thirsty little boy. He had been running ever so hard playing baseball.

"Come on, gang," he called to his friends. "Let's go to my house and get a drink from the hose!"

They all trooped over to Freddie's front yard, and took turns drinking the clear, cool water.

"Say," Freddie exclaimed suddenly, "here's a great big bull-frog."

He began poking Mr. Frog with the end of his stick.

Mr. Frog shook himself once, then twice, blinked his big round eyes—and then he hopped.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Freddie. "I'll make him jump again."

"Maybe you shouldn't do that," Danny said. "Maybe it hurts him."

"This is my frog," said Freddie. "I can do whatever I want with him. If you don't like it, you can go home."

"Well, I do want to help my dad with the garden," said Danny.

"Me, too," exclaimed Billy. All the other boys chimed in, too. "Good-bye, Freddie," they called.

Freddie didn't even answer his friends. And he kept jabbing Mr. Frog with the stick, just to see him jump.

"I know what I'll do," said Freddie after a while. "I'll add you to my bug collection."

He ran into the house. "Mother,

please let me have a jar. And would you punch some holes in the lid for me?"

"All right," said Mother. "But why?"

"I caught myself a frog," said Freddie proudly.

"But, Freddie," exclaimed Mother, "frogs don't belong in a jar."

"He's my frog, and I want to have fun with him," said Freddie, taking the jar and lid from his mother.

When Freddie got back, Mr. Frog had snuggled down in the grass. "You can't hide from me," said Freddie. "I'll have you in my jar in a jiffy. One, two, three—I've got you!" And he screwed on the jar lid.

All that evening, Freddie sat in his bedroom and watched poor Mr. Frog hop up and down in the jar. It was fun. But he did begin to wonder, ever so little, about how his frog must feel all shut up in the jar.

Soon Freddie fell asleep. He was dreaming about baseball when he heard a loud noise. Mr. Frog had tipped the jar off the nightstand with so much hopping. It lay on the floor with the lid off. Mr. Frog sat near the lid, looking at Freddie.

"Get back inside the jar," said Freddie. He poked Mr. Frog with his finger and the strangest thing happened—Mr. Frog seemed to grow a little bigger!

"That's funny," said Freddie. He poked him again. And, sure enough, Mr. Frog grew bigger and bigger.

"Hey, this is fun," said Freddie. "Pretty soon I'll have the biggest frog in the world."

But all of a sudden Freddie realized that he and Mr. Frog were exactly the same size!

"Now," croaked Mr. Frog, "I'm as big as you are." And he poked Freddie in the ribs.

"Hey," said Freddie, "that hurts!"

"You punched me with a stick this afternoon," said Mr. Frog. "You hurt me, too." And he poked Freddie again.

"You look awfully big, all of a sudden," said Freddie. "Say, what's happening to me?" He looked around the room. Everything looked so huge. And then Mr. Frog poked him again.

"I know what's happening," said Freddie. "Every time you touch me, I get smaller."

"That's right," said Mr. Frog. "Now you're the right size to get into the jar."

"Oh, no," said Freddie.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Frog. "Now you belong to me and I can do with you as I please." And with that he dropped Freddie into the jar and screwed on the lid tighter than tight.

"Oh, please!" shouted Freddie.

"It's so hot and stuffy in this jar."

"Did you care about that when I was in the jar?" said Mr. Frog.

"I'm sorry," called Freddie. "And I'm thirsty and hungry, too."

"I notice you didn't offer me anything to eat or drink when I was in the jar," said Mr. Frog.

"I'm so scared in this jar," said Freddie. "You look so big out there, Mr. Frog."

"Exactly how I felt," nodded Mr. Frog.

Freddie began to jump up and down. Perhaps he could knock the lid off. And then he realized that was what Mr. Frog had been doing all evening. And he had laughed every time Mr. Frog had jumped.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Frog," called Freddie. "I didn't know." And he began to cry.

"Freddie, wake up," said his mother, bending over his bed and shaking him. "You're having a nightmare."



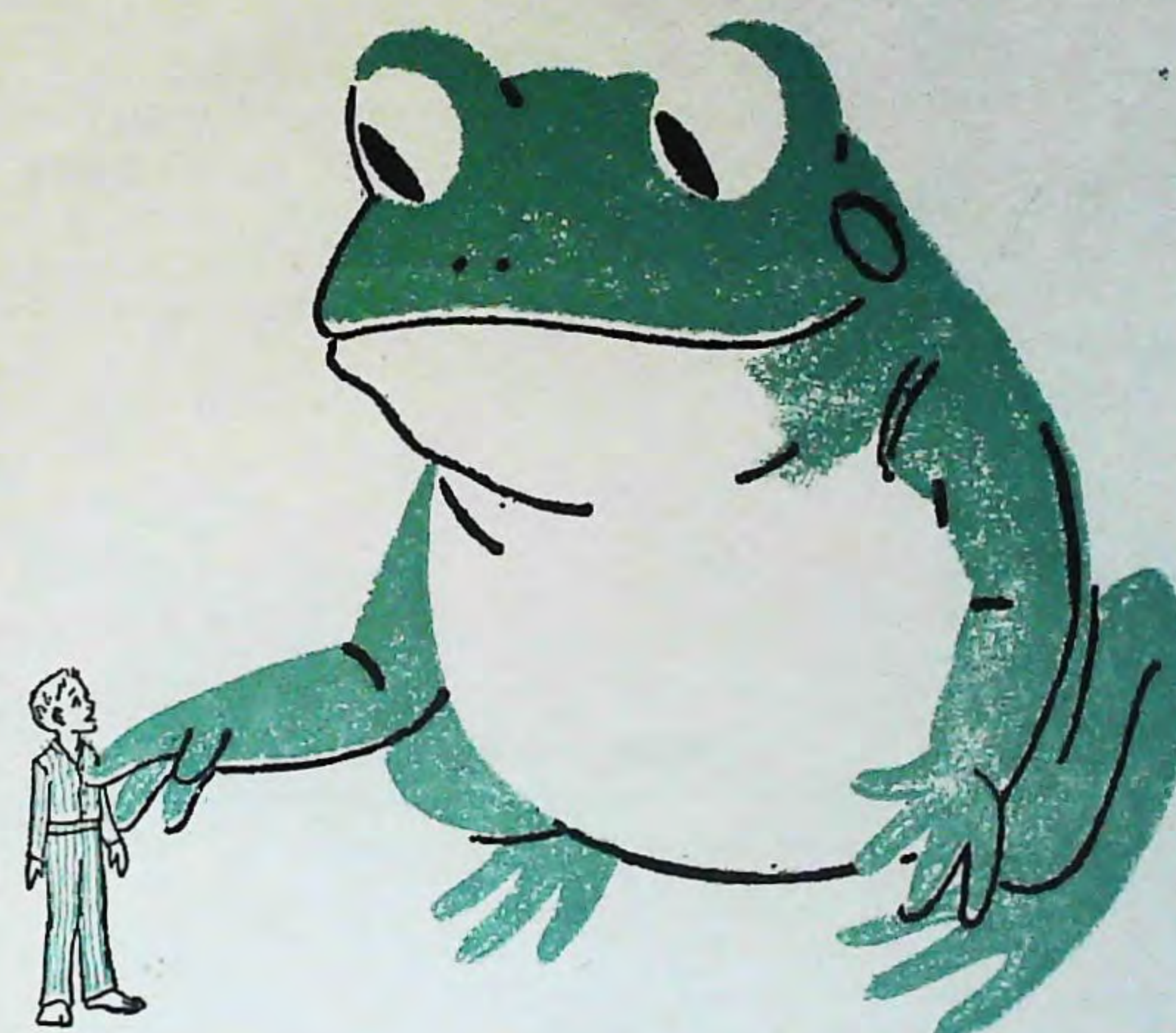
"I am?" said Freddie in relief. "Oh, Mother, I just dreamed that Mr. Frog grew to be a giant and I got littler and—oh, well! I've got to set him free."

"In the middle of the night?" asked Mother.

"Oh, yes," said Freddie.

He took the jar and ran outside as fast as he could, straight to the water faucet. There he took the lid off the jar. With a happy bound, Mr. Frog jumped onto the wet ground. Then he turned and looked at Freddie with his big round eyes.

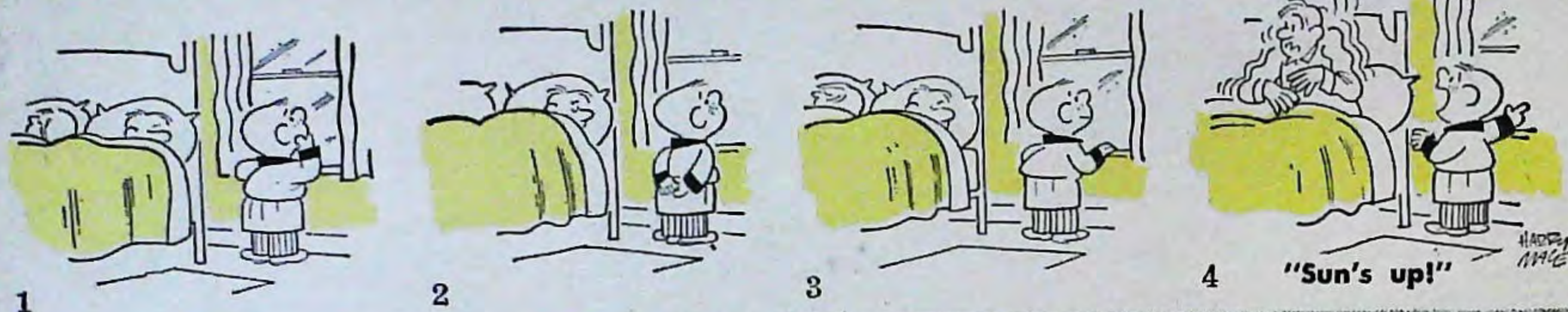
"There you are, Mr. Frog," whispered Freddie. "You're free now, and I won't let anyone else hurt you. I'm sorry I was so mean to you. But, you see, I just didn't know how you felt until tonight."



Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

"I keep the papers and other trash cleaned up in our garage and basement, to prevent fires."





### Good or Bad Manners?

When Walt was eating in a restaurant, he saw Toby at a table on the other side of the room. "Hi, Toby," he shouted.

"What made that scar on your forehead?" Carol asked a guest.

Andy quickly picked up his mother's gloves which she had dropped.

While Bob's mother was visiting with a guest, Bob turned on the television in the same room, to his favorite western.

When the guests arrived, Evelyn rose and quickly folded the newspaper she was reading. She remained standing till the guests were seated.

When Jimmy goes to the corner to buy something and other persons are ahead of him, Jimmy takes his place behind them and quietly waits his turn.

"I never eat tomatoes. I don't want them. Take them away," said Ruby, just as the meal began at her playmate's home.

"I like everything you cook, Grandma," said Chip while he was enjoying dinner at her house.

### Riddles

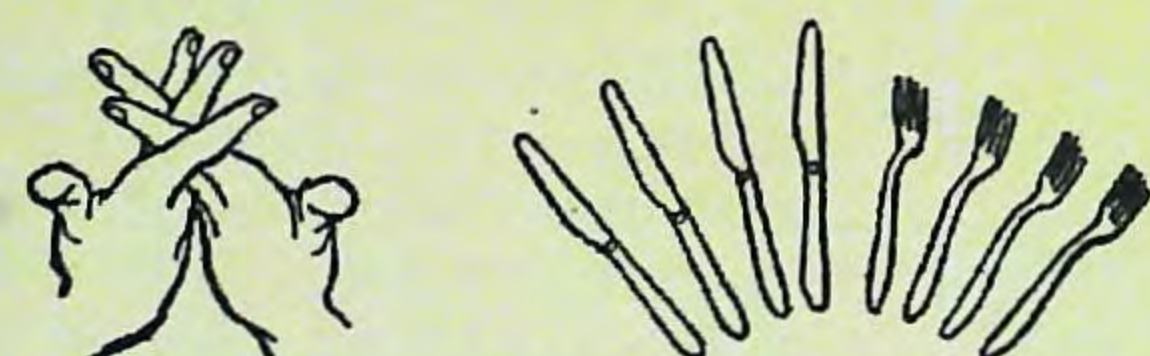
1. What word of six letters contains six other words with the letters in correct order?
2. What trees does fire have no effect upon?
3. When is a police officer most uncomfortable?
4. Why is a young lady like a hinge?
5. Why is a truck on a narrow hill like a counterfeit bill?
6. Why is a dog with a sore paw like a child adding 26 and 7?
7. What cow has no courage?
8. When do you eat time?
9. Why is a prudent person like a pin?

Answers: 1. Herein; he, her, here, ere, rein, in. 2. Ash trees, because when they are burned, they are ashes still. 3. When he goes to sleep on a beat (beat). 4. When she is something to adore (a door). 5. It is illegal to pass it. 6. He puts down 3 and carries 1. 7. Coward. 8. When you have dates. 9. His head keeps him from going too far.

### Old Sayings

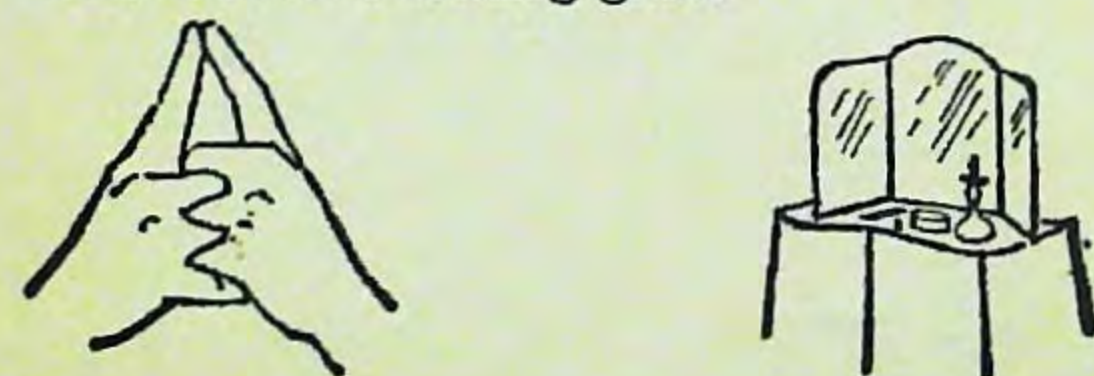
A stitch in time saves nine.  
When angry, count ten before you speak.  
A chain is no stronger than its weakest link.  
Actions speak louder than words.  
Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.  
When a man is wrapped up in himself, the package is small.

## Fun With Fingers



These are mother's knives and forks.

This is sister's looking glass.



This is mother's table.

And this is baby's cradle.



★ Fun With Fingers is good early practice in sustained attention (concentration).

## Spring Rains and Living Things

By Glenn O. Blough

Professor of Education, University of Maryland

Almost everyone knows that April showers bring May flowers. But April showers do many more things. A spring rain changes almost every living thing it falls on.

When rain falls on the earth, some of it runs into creeks that run into small rivers, that run into large rivers, that run into large bodies of water like the ocean. Some of it runs into low places and makes spring ponds. Some of it seeps down into the ground, and this helps all sorts of wonderful things happen.

All winter long, seeds have been lying in the ground. Nothing happens to them. They just lie in the cold ground. But when the sun makes the ground warm, and the spring rains fall, they begin to change.

Water soaks into the seed, and slowly the seed gets bigger. It begins to grow into a plant.

Inside the seed there has been a very tiny plant ready to grow. It needed warmth and water. When a seed gets these things, it sprouts. A root pushes out and down into the ground. A sprout pushes out and up, and soon grows above the ground to make stems and leaves.

If you want to see this happen, get some seeds from a seed store and put them in a warm place on moist cotton. Keep the cotton moist but don't cover the seeds with water. Try bean seeds, corn seeds, lettuce and radish seeds,

or any other kind. You will soon see what water and warmth does to seeds. Keep some of the seeds dry and see if they will sprout. Then you will learn for yourself what spring rains do to seeds.

When spring comes, you can see sprouts push up from seeds in the woods and in fields and gardens, if you look.

Spring rains change plants that you see around you, too. All winter the roots of bushes, trees, and other plants have been in the ground. Nothing much happens to them. In the spring, rain seeps down and reaches them. It soaks into the roots and goes up to the stems. Soon the buds on the trees and bushes begin to open.

All winter the buds have been tight on the stems and branches. But as soon as the warmth of the sun and the water from the rain come, they begin to open. Some buds make leaves. Some make flowers. Watch the branches and twigs of trees and bushes, and you will see how they change.

If you would like to watch them closely, bring some in the house, put the stems in water, and look at them every day. The twigs of willow, maple, horse chestnut, lilac, are interesting to watch. You will find other kinds that are, too.

Bulbs from daffodils, tulips, and other flowers stay in the ground all winter. In the spring, the warmth of the sun and the water of the rains start them

growing. New roots push down into the ground. The buds come out of the tops of the bulbs and grow into leaves and flowers. Plant some bulbs in the ground and you will see how they begin to grow when water seeps down to their roots. Some kinds of bulbs, like the narcissus, will grow if you put them in water in the house. Then you can see the roots grow and watch the blossoms open.

When the water of spring rains runs into ponds and makes them bigger, they make good places for frogs and toads to lay their eggs. In the spring when you hear these animals croak, you may be sure they are busy laying eggs that will hatch into tiny tadpoles, that will grow into larger tadpoles, that will keep growing and finally change into frogs and toads that look like the ones that laid the eggs in the pond. You will be surprised when you watch tadpoles grow and change.

A spring pond is also a fine place for insects and other small animals to live in. Look into a spring pond and you will see some of them. If you are careful you can scoop some of them into a pail and watch them more closely.

When the spring rains come, and the leaves come out on the trees, and bushes and flowers bloom, birds build their nests in the trees and bushes. They lay eggs and the eggs hatch. In spring, moths come out of their cocoons, and sleeping animals come out of their dens in the ground.

But springtime is not the same in every part of the world. It is





not the same even in every part of the United States. The spring you have been reading about here comes where the winters are quite cold and the summers are quite hot. In places where this is not true, the plants do not change as much as this. But it is spring, just the same, and the rain helps the things it falls on.

In places where the winters are cold and the summers are warm, spring is a sproutingtime for seeds. It is an openingtime for buds. It's an egg-laying time for many creatures. It's a planting-time for farmers and gardeners. It's a growing time for plants. What kind of a time is spring where YOU live?

## "Pray" Around the World

By Charles F. Berlitz Berlitz School of Languages

Language	How To Write It	How To Say It
French	prier	pree-eh
German	beten	BAY-tehn
Spanish	rezar	reh-THAHR
Italian	pregare	pray-GAH-reh
Russian	молѣтсѧ	moh-LEET-s'yah
Hebrew	לחַתפּלל	leh-HIT-pah-lehl
Chinese	祝頌	choo soong
Norwegian	be	beh
Portuguese	rezar	reh-ZAHR
Greek	προσεύχομαι	proh-SEF-hoh-meh
Arabic	يُصَلِّي	you-SALL-ee

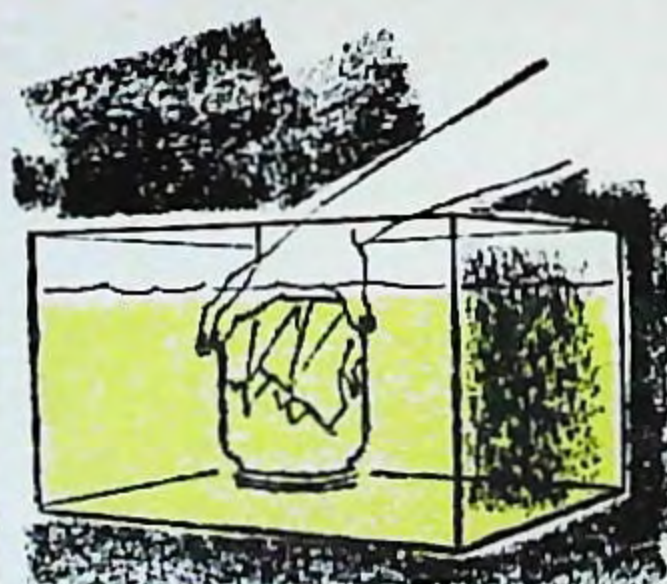
## Prove It Yourself

By Rose Wyler  
Author of *The First Book of Science Experiments*

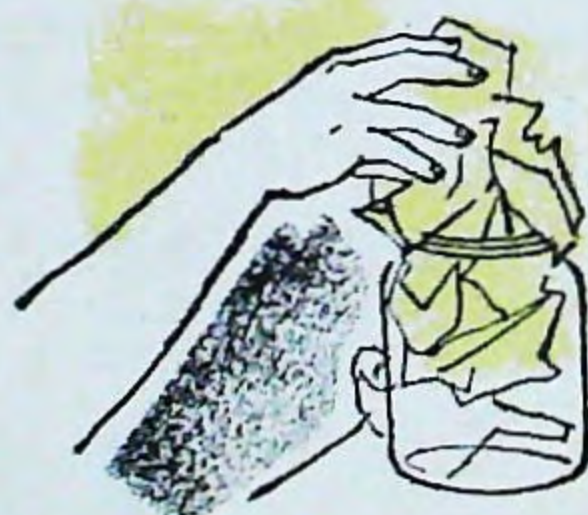
1. Crumple a piece of newspaper. Stuff it into an empty jar. Hold the jar upside down to make sure the paper doesn't fall out.



2. Now lower the jar into a tank or sink filled with water. Have the mouth of the jar pointing straight downward. Lower it into the water until the paper is below the surface.



3. Lift the jar from the water. Take out the paper. The paper is dry!



4. Why? Inside the jar, there was paper and AIR. The water couldn't come in because the bottle was already full of air. You have shown that air really does take up space.



★ When a child figures out things for himself, he feels he really has done something.

# Fun With Phonics

## Words With Two Syllables

Say aloud the parts or syllables of these pictured words.



chick en



rock er



box er



pen cil

Now say aloud the words below.  
Name the syllables of each word.

a board	re turn	a way	hard er
fol low	ham mer	dark er	ar row
re pay	bor row	a corn	bark ing

## bl

Say aloud the pictured words below.  
Listen for the sound of bl.



block



blouse



blanket



bluebird

Now say aloud the following words.  
Listen for the bl sound.

blame	blow	blast	blubber
bleat	blue	blur	blunt
blister	blink	bland	bless

## Words Beginning With r

Say these pictured words aloud.  
Listen for the r sound.



ring



rat



root



rod

Now say aloud the words below.  
Name the words which begin with the sound of r.

rip	kitty	right	new
rot	need	sand	ripe
book	rice	poor	good
read	round	ride	rag

## Look Like Rhyming Words But Are Not

Read aloud the following pairs of lines. Notice that the marked words do not rhyme.

Said the man with a beard,  
"That's what I have heard."

"That's not quite enough,"  
Said the bird on the bough."

Said the pig in the trough,  
"My life's pretty tough."

"And now I am through,"  
Said the pan to the dough."

Go back and read these lines to make them rhyme. Don't they sound funny?

★ Associating sounds with letters and words is very useful in reading and spelling.

# Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers  
Pictures by Marion Hull Hammel



Goofus drags his dog by the leash.



Gallant likes to run with his dog.

28



Goofus think it's fun to see his cat catch the baby birds.

Gallant tries to keep his cat away from the baby birds.



Goofus keeps a little chick till it starves and dies.



Gallant takes the chick where it will have a good home.

## The Day To Get Fooled

By Edith Vestal

Johnny was sitting on the floor. His toys were scattered around him. But Johnny was not playing with his toys. Johnny was thinking.



"This is the day. This is the day," he thought. "This is April Fool's Day. The day to get fooled.

"I've got to fool Susie. I've just got to fool Susie."

Just then Johnny heard a scratching at the door.

"Oh dear, oh dear," he said out loud. "My naughty little black puppy is out of his pen again."



Johnny went to the door. Sure enough, there was the little black puppy.

There was Susie, too. "I've come to fool you," said Susie.

"Fool me!" said Johnny. "Fool me! You can't do that."

"Yes, I can," said Susie. "Yes, I can."

Johnny picked up the little black puppy.

"You wait," he said.

"You just wait until I put my little puppy in his pen. Then I'm going to fool you."



Johnny started for the puppy's pen. Susie followed.

"I'm fooling you now," she said. "I'm fooling you now."

"You can't fool me now," said Johnny. "I'm not going to let any one fool me."

By this time they had reached the puppy's pen.

Johnny stared into the pen. His eyes grew bigger and bigger. All he could say was, "Why, it couldn't be. It just couldn't be."

For there in the pen was another little black puppy!

And Susie was jumping up and down, saying in a loud voice,

"I fooled you. I told you I was fooling you. That's my new little black puppy you are carrying."



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# For Wee Folks



mole

Which travels in water?  
Which travels under the ground?  
Which travels in the air?



dragonfly



fish



Which is hitting?  
Which is climbing?  
Which is pushing?  
Which is lifting?  
Which is throwing?  
Which is catching?



Name the things with two legs.  
The thing with three legs.  
The things with four legs.  
The things with six legs.  
How many legs have the horse and stool together?  
How many legs have the bee and fly together?  
How many more legs has a bee than a person?



owl



chair



horse



fox



bird



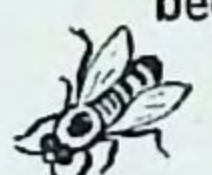
doll



fly



stool



bee



man



pickle



lettuce



pancakes



celery



pie



soup



potato



cake

★ Good for reading readiness.

## Health Quiz

Why should we drink milk?  
Why are cows examined for tuberculosis and other diseases?  
Why does a Boy Scout going on a long hike take water with him in a canteen when he knows he will come near or cross small streams on the way?  
Why should fruit and vegetables bought at the market be washed well before being cooked or eaten?

### Safety Quiz

Suppose you were walking across the street with the green light, and as you were halfway across your hat blew off. Would you go right after your hat? Why? What would be the safest way? If the light is green as you are crossing the street, why must you also keep watching and be careful as you cross? How might the fighting and quarreling of two children in a car cause an accident?

## Jokes

Selected by Children  
Seven to Twelve  
Years of Age

A man bought a parrot at an auction after some spirited bidding. "I suppose the bird talks," he said to the auctioneer. "Talks?" replied the auctioneer. "He's been bidding against you for an hour."

Tommy Lynch—New York

Boy: "Dad, would you ever scold me for something I didn't do?" Father: "Of course I wouldn't, son. Why do you ask?" Boy: "I was just wondering because I didn't mow the lawn."

Mark Anderson—Texas

I had a little dog and his name was Tax. I opened the door and Income Tax!

Dorothy Binder—Pennsylvania

Mr. Blick: "I think window-washing is hazardous." Mr. Click: "Oh? Well, I once heard of a newspaper editor who dropped eleven stories into a wastebasket."

Barbara Morgan—Missouri

Tom: "I'm going to bed now, so please call me early." Tim: "Certainly. Good night, Early."

Michael Wolfe—Michigan

Joe: "I'll bet we had colder weather than you did last winter." Dennis: "Yeah?"

Joe: "It was so cold that it froze a pan of boiling water so fast the ice was still warm."

Nina Heft—Ohio

A man was carrying a grandfather clock on his back. He was taking it to a jeweler to be repaired. Another man watched him struggling with the clock for several blocks. Finally he said, "My friend, that isn't practical. Why don't you get a wrist watch?"

Meredith Spencer—Maryland

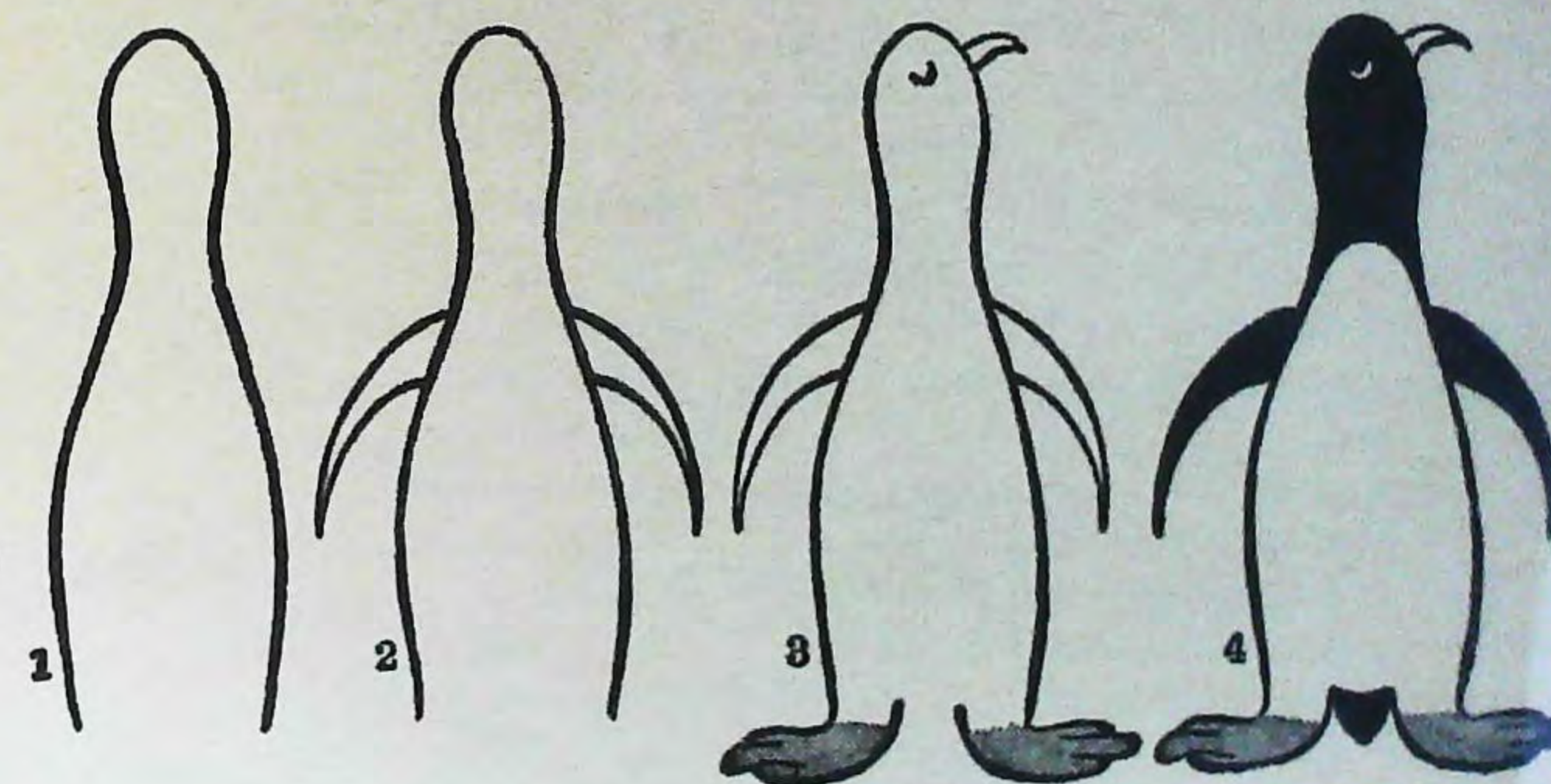
If buttercups are yellow, what color are hiccups?  
Berple.

Lynda Thornton—Texas

## You Can Draw

By Ann Davidow

1. What seems to be a bowling tenpin  
Soon becomes a strolling penguin.
2. A flapper hanging on each side  
Swings back and forth with every stride.
3. He never wears shoes, as anyone knows,  
So we easily see his three big toes.
4. But he always wears a coat and tails—  
Penguin, most elegant of males!



★ So much more fun to figure out reasons for health or safety rules than to hear or read them.

# Our Own Page



**A Grasshopper**

Diana Brenneman, Age 3  
1230 Forest Dr.  
New Castle, Ind.



**Our Church**

Janet Brown, Age 9  
225 N. Lakeland St.  
Orlando, Fla.

## A Prayer

Oh, thank you, God,  
For everything,  
The birds, the flowers,  
And the church  
Bells that ring.

Karen Orr, Age 8  
Box 130, R.D. 6  
Medina, Ohio

## The Robin

A robin built a nest up in a tree,  
Just by my house where I could see.  
One day the robin laid an egg  
then two and three.  
When the eggs had hatched,  
I could see three little robins  
hungry as can be.

Chuckie Biddle, Age 11  
815 Merrie Dr.  
Corvallis, Ore.



**Snow Greets Spring**

Martha Ehlers, Age 5  
800 Forest Ave.  
Westfield, N. J.



Charlene Wehner, Age 6  
Richardton, N. D.



**Muskellunge**

Terry Kruger, Age 11  
3112 E. Carpenter  
Springfield, Ill.

## Wind and Rain

When the cars go by,  
How the puddles splash.  
The wind seems to sigh  
And the raindrops dash.  
How I love to step high  
And go splash, splash, splash!

## Springtime

The sun shines.  
Soft winds blow.  
Rains fall.  
Clouds are low.  
Children tramp.  
Ground is damp.  
Clothes are light.  
Birds take flight.  
This is all in the spring.



**Mom and Dad**

David Huff, Age 4  
402 E. Tidwell Rd.  
Houston, Texas

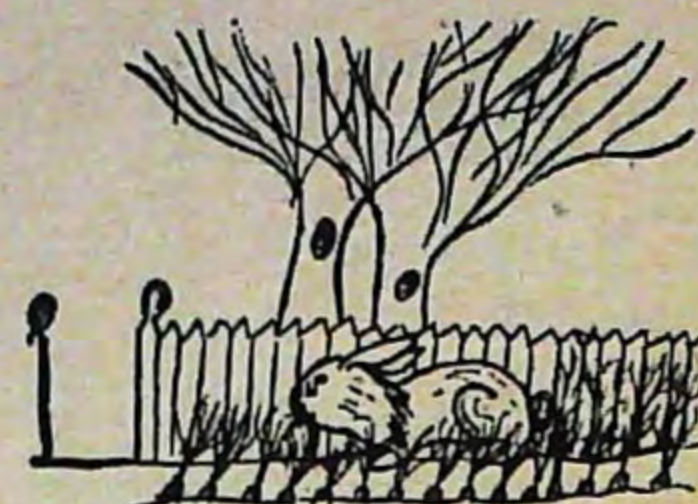


Roger De Haan, Age 7  
1331 Franklin St.  
Ogden, Utah



**The Easter Rabbit**

Treasa Casler, Age 4  
1244 W. Water St.  
Weatherford, Texas



Barbara Ann Bajec, Age 8  
25422 Chardon Rd.  
Euclid, Ohio



**Spring Day**

Carol Heepke, Age 7  
3046 Ivanhoe  
Denver, Colo.

## Robin Redbreast

I heard a robin singing  
In my back yard today.  
His song it was so merry,  
He sounded bright and gay.

Have you ever heard a robin  
Sing at break of day?

If you feel sad and mopey,  
He will brighten up your day.

Connie Leftridge, Age 9  
Charles Manners School  
East St. Louis, Ill.

## Easter Day

Oh, Easter is a lovely time.  
I hear the church bells sweetly chime,  
I see the people on their way  
To church this sacred Easter Day.

Organ music soft, then loud,  
Ushers in the Easter crowd,  
With happy faces all aglow,  
The Easter spirit they do show.

Holy scripture followed by prayer  
Lends a peaceful, blessed air.  
The Easter service seems to be  
A blessing for my parents and me.

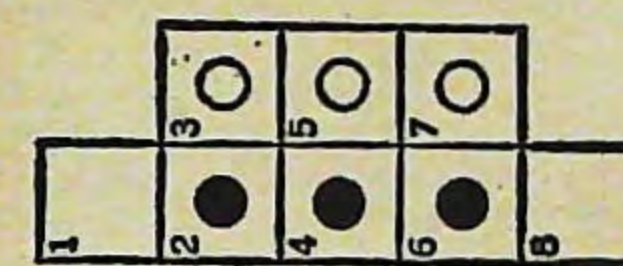
Lorna Bodum, Age 11  
George, Iowa

Please send your drawings in black on white paper about eight by eleven inches, with your name, address, and age on the back. Also enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that your drawings, stories, or verses are your very own. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. No contributions will be returned.

# Tricks and Teasers

1. Make five triangles with nine toothpicks.

2. In seven moves, reverse the position of the black and white pieces so that the blacks are in squares 3, 5, and 7, and the whites are in squares 2, 4, and 6. Start by moving one black piece, then a white piece, then a black piece, and so on. Pieces may be moved in any direction to an adjacent square, but not jumped.



3. Arrange thirteen toothpicks to spell CHEF, as shown. By changing the position of only two toothpicks, change the word to THIEF.



4. Ask a friend to think of a number, multiply it by 6, divide by 3, add 40, divide by 2, and give you the result. Subtract 20 from this, and your result will be the number he first thought of.

5. Suppose you had some cucumber seeds in a cup, and your baby sister poured some sand on these seeds in the cup. How would you separate the seeds from the sand?

6. A man with a fox, a goose, and a bag of corn came to a river. He could carry only one over at a time. The goose would eat the corn, and the fox would eat the goose but not the corn. How did he manage to get everything across safely?

7. How can you show somebody something he never saw before, you never saw before and, after you both have seen it, nobody will see again?

8. Can you draw this without taking the pencil off the paper or going over any line twice?



9. Prove that a cat has three tails.

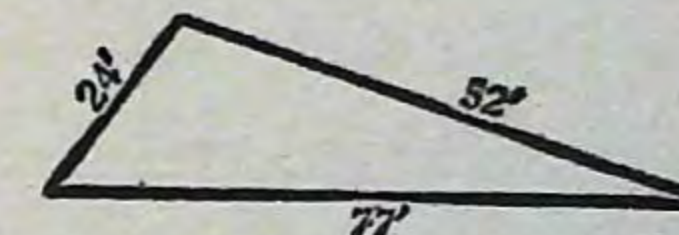
10. Two brothers, Ned and Bill, sons of the same father and mother, were walking past a group of children. "Hello, Uncle Bill," they said. "It's great to be an uncle," said Bill. "I have neither nieces nor nephews," replied Ned. How could this be?

11. Suppose you work thirty days and get a penny the first day, two cents the second day, three the third day, and so on. How much would you have earned by the end of thirty days?

But suppose you started at a

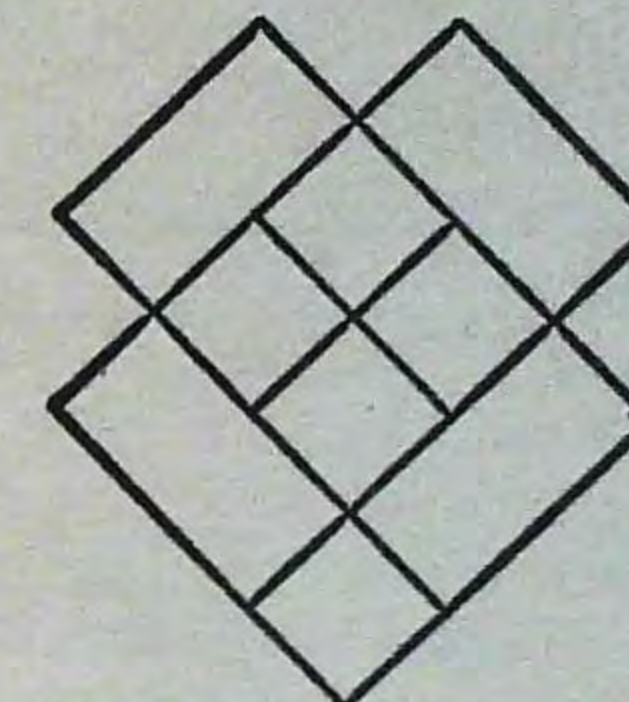
penny the first day, and your pay was doubled each day. How much would you have earned at the end of thirty days?

12. Could you have a plot of ground shaped like this with these dimensions?



13. What is shorter when it is longer and longer when it is shorter? What is bigger when it is smaller and smaller when it is bigger?

14. Look carefully at this picture. How many squares do you see? This isn't as easy as it looks.



15. If a woman has a hat for every day of the week, what is the least number she can possess?

16. How can a person not get a wink of sleep for six days and still have plenty of sleep?

Answers, page 36

## A Dutch Boy or Girl Artist Would Like To Be Your Friend

We have received 320 drawings from boys and girls in Holland. As long as they last, we will send you, if you are a HIGHLIGHTS subscriber, one of these pictures which you may keep for your very own—IF you will promise us to write at once to your new Dutch friend, thanking him or her for the picture, and telling something

about yourself. You may also want to draw a picture and send it to your new friend.

Send us a letter or post card at once, giving your name, age, and mailing address. Write to:

**Pictures from Holland**  
**Highlights for Children**  
**Editorial Offices**  
**Honesdale, Pennsylvania**

★ Any child who figures out all these, does a lot of reasoning. He must be pretty smart.

# The Prince and the Princess From Scheherazade

Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

*Andantino*

34

★ How wonderful for children and their parents to hear or play the music of Rimsky-Korsakov.

## Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov

1844-1908

By Irene Bennett Needham

"Nikolay, you may stay up later tonight. The musicians are going to play." Thus spoke the small boy's beautiful mother as she took him from Nana's care in the nursery to the candle-light music room with the elegantly dressed grownups.

His nurse Nana, like nurses in all upper class Russian families, came into the home when a baby was born and stayed for the rest of her life. She was a second mother. She waited at the door of the music room until Nikolay's mother nodded to her. Then she took the little boy off to bed with a fairy story to quiet his clapping and singing.

The four musicians who made the music were employed on the large estate which belonged to Nikolay's wealthy father, now retired from the Navy. In the evening they were often requested to come to the big house with their violins, triangle, and tambourine, to play for a dance or dinner party. They played the folk songs which Nikolay was to use so often when he composed music later on.

Nikolay was six when he began piano lessons, and nine when he composed his first music. Although he was gifted, no one ever dreamed of a musical career for him. Like his father and his older brother Boyin, he would go to the Naval Academy at St. Petersburg and become a naval officer.

His first twelve years were unbelievably happy, with a private tutor for lessons, hours out of doors, horses to ride, pets to love,

and a happy family for company. He learned to read before anyone taught him. And since the family had a large library, he read a great deal.

At twelve his father took him by carriage to St. Petersburg to the Naval Academy. The next six years were a nightmare for a boy as gentle and kind as Nikolay. It was fortunate that he learned rapidly, since the students with poor marks were whipped with a strap, while the others had to watch. Nikolay studied enough to avoid the floggings. But there was no time for music except on Sunday.

Now there were no more summers at home, for every summer Nikolay had to go to sea to learn seamanship. Here he also met with the cruel discipline of the Russian Navy. For the slightest fault a seaman was beaten, with the entire crew being forced to watch. Nikolay hated this, but he loved the travel and made a particular study of the stars.

At the end of the course from which he graduated at eighteen, he had to spend three years at sea. He tried composing music in his spare time. He wrote long letters home, and he studied astronomy. The stars in the tropical sky amazed him. He wrote: "Wonderful is the tropical ocean

with its azure color and its phosphorescent glow; wonderful are the tropical clouds at sunset; but the tropical night sky over the ocean is the most wonderful thing in the world."

When Nikolay was assigned shore duty at the age of twenty-one, he began to write music. Finding that he didn't know enough, he set about systematically to study. His compositions were so popular that he was offered the position of Professor of Practical Composition at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. He took the position and resigned from the Navy. Then he really began to study music. He learned how to play all the stringed instruments—violin, viola, cello, bass; and all the wind instruments—brasses and wood winds—in just three years.

He was considered the best teacher, and he says, "I was also the best pupil," for he studied until it is said that no one in all Europe knew more than he about music. He learned everything that had been missed in his sketchy musical training.

When Nikolay was twenty-eight, his first opera was produced. That same year he married a charming and wonderfully musical young lady. His home life was very happy. He had



Illustrated by Sidney A. Quinn



★ Like all the great musicians of the world, Rimsky-Korsakov learned music by working hard at it.

seven children. He helped all the young musicians he met who needed help. He composed steadily.

It is not surprising that the young man who had seen so much cruelty in the Navy couldn't bear stories for operas that were cruel or ugly. His music is tuneful and beautiful. He wrote mostly fairy-tale music for operas in which the characters are make-believe people, and goblins, genii,

and mermaids abound. Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov wrote eighty beautiful songs, three symphonies and a number of operas—"The Snow Maiden," "Sadko," and "The Golden Cock"—and much orchestral music.


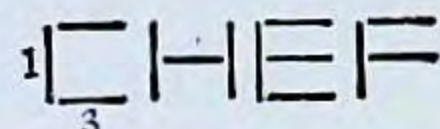
His "Scheherazade" (sheh-hair-ah-zOD) is a very popular symphonic poem. Mrs. Young has arranged one small melody from it for you.


Rimsky-Korsakov died in 1908

at the age of sixty-four, loved and respected by everyone. Dozens of recordings have been made of his music. When you listen to some of them, remember him as a young man who saw so much that was brutal and ugly that he considered only beautiful stories worth writing about.

Rimsky-Korsakov was sixteen years old when Abraham Lincoln became President of the United States.

### Answers, Tricks and Teasers, Page 33

1. 
2. 2 to 1, 5 to 2; 6 to 5; 7 to 6; 4 to 7; 3 to 4, 1 to 3.
3. Center toothpick #1 under #2. Place #3 between H and E.
4. 
- 5.
6. He took the goose, leaving the fox and the corn. Then he took the fox, bringing back the goose. Then he took the corn. Finally he took the goose over again.
7. Crack a nut, take out the kernel, show it to someone, then eat it.

8. 
9. No cat has two tails. And one cat has one more tail than no cat.
10. Ned was the children's father.
11. \$4.65. \$5,368,709.12 on the last day, or a total of \$10,737,418.23 for the thirty days.
12. No. In any triangle, the sum of the length of two sides is always greater than the length of the third side.
13. The word shorter is a shorter word than the word longer, and vice versa. The word bigger is a smaller word than the word smaller, and vice versa.
14. There are eleven squares.
15. One.
16. Sleep at night.

### Answer, Crossword Puzzle, Page 39

- Across: 2. monogram. 5. moccasins. 6. memorial. 10. minister. 11. mountain. 13. minus. 14. mat. 15. martin. 17. melon. 18. magazine. 19. mask. 20. macaroni. 21. mitten. 22. mug. 24. melt. 25. mole. 26. money. 27. meter. 28. mine. 29. mixer. 30. mane. 31. milk. 32. mop. 33. mallet. 34. meal. 35. monk. 36. mantel. 37. mallard. 39. menu.
- Down: 1. motor. 2. May. 3. mosquito. 4. monoplane. 6. match. 7. marriage. 8. mitt. 9. mice. 10. market. 11. medal. 12. meat. 13. Maine. 14. mast. 15. matress. 16. moose. 18. motorcycle. 19. mile. 20. mule. 21. meteor. 22. monkey. 23. mesh. 24. men. 25. mill. 27. maple. 28. milkweed. 30. moat. 31. man. 32. mend. 33. moon. 34. mar. 36. mailbox. 37. moth. 38. muff.

### Fact or Opinion?

Girls are always smarter than boys.  
Aunt Melinda will live to be a hundred years old.  
Two and two make four.  
Only poor children ever steal.  
Phil didn't get a word wrong in his spelling test today.  
A baby is younger than its mother.

### Would You Add or Subtract To Find Out

How many feet have you and a cow together?  
How much your team scored in a game?  
How much money you have left after you have spent a quarter?  
How much older you are than your baby sister?  
How long ago America was discovered?  
How much more your daddy's car cost than your bicycle?

### Nesting Material for Birds

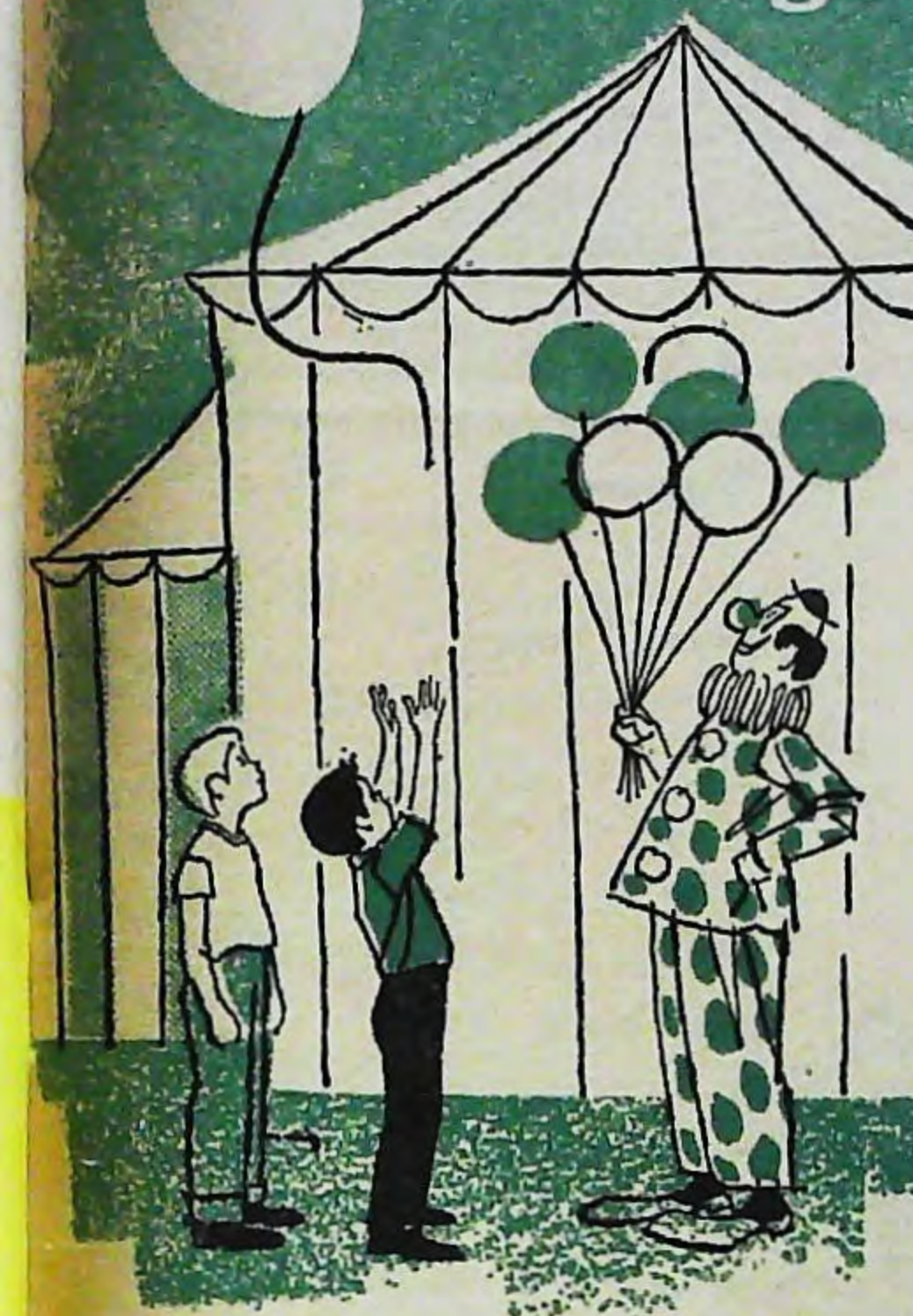
You will watch birds with new interest if you fill a cord or wire mesh bag with string, yarn, straw, strips of bark or weed, fluffy feathers from chickens or ducks, thread, and narrow strips of cloth.

Hang the bag from a branch of a tree or shrub, high enough to be out of the way of cats. Then watch the birds come at nest-building time to make a selection.



## Things You've Wondered About

By Jack Myers Professor of Botany and Zoology  
University of Texas



the bottle. So air takes up space. Bubbles of air in water rise rapidly to the surface. This proves that a bubble of air is lighter than an equal volume of water.

Does air weigh anything at all? It most certainly does—though not very much. A quart of air weighs about 4/100 of an ounce. How do we know this? Well, suppose we had a light but very strong bottle which held just a quart and which had a valve on top that could be opened or tightly closed. We could weigh it (with air in it) on a very sensitive scale. Then we could pump all the air out and close the valve. With all the air pumped out, the quart bottle would weigh 4/100 of an ounce less than it did when filled with air.

Air is a **fluid**. It can move and flow even easier than water. So living with air all around and above you is a little like being at the bottom of a very large swimming pool. Remember that, in water, an object like your body seems to weigh less than it does in air. The water is trying to get down where your body is. And if your body is lighter than an equal volume of water, you can float.

Now, just the same thing happens in air except that your body weighs very much more than an equal volume of air. So you can't float in air (in case you haven't tried). But there is a buoyant force of air and you are really just a little heavier than any scale can tell you. If you weigh 100 pounds you have a volume of 50 quarts. There are 50 quarts of air

trying to get where you are, and this much air weighs about 2 ounces. So you are about 2 ounces lighter than if there were no air around you at all.

How can we make something float or rise in air? You will see that this is the same kind of problem as finding something which will float in water. Something will rise in air if it weighs less than an equal volume of air. Can we find anything that weighs less than air?

Air is a mixture of gases, mostly **nitrogen** and **oxygen**. Now there are a number of other gases even lighter than air. The lightest is **hydrogen**, and the next lightest is **helium**. If we had a 1000-quart tank, it would hold about 40 ounces of air, but only 6 ounces of helium and only 3 ounces of hydrogen. So you will see that if we fill a balloon with hydrogen or helium (and if the



rubber of the balloon is not too heavy), then the whole balloon weighs less than an equal volume of air. And so it rises. And if we make the balloon big enough, it can lift a man. The Air Force built one big enough to lift Major


Simons in a sealed cabin up to 100,000 feet above the earth.


Actually hydrogen is a dangerous gas to use because it can be explosive. And helium is pretty hard to get these days because there isn't much available, and it

is needed for medical and chemical work. But whenever you see a toy balloon stand up straight on a string, or rise and float away, you can be sure it is filled with some gas which is lighter than air.


## What Came From a Seed By Hilda K. Watkins


This is the seed ○


That Joe's dad  planted..

This is the tree 


38 That grew from the seed ○

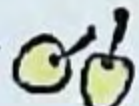
That Joe's dad  planted

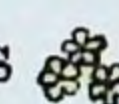
These are the flowers 

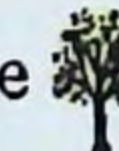
That bloomed on the tree 

That grew from the seed ○


That Joe's dad  planted.


These are the cherries 

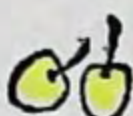
That followed the flowers 


That bloomed on the tree 


That grew from the seed ○

That Joe's dad  planted.


This is a tart 


Made from the cherries 


That followed the flowers 

That bloomed on the tree 

That grew from the seed ○


That Joe's dad  planted.


And this is Joe 

Who ate the tart 


That was made from

The cherries 

That followed the flowers 

That bloomed on the tree 

That grew from the seed ○

That Joe's dad  planted.

## Verse

### Small Things

By Barbara A. Jones

I like to lie  
Down flat beside  
A little spring  
Where small things hide.  
One day I saw  
A fish so small  
He seemed to be  
No fish at all.  
And, watching once,  
A tadpole came  
Not big enough  
To have a name.  
You must look hard  
Down into springs;  
You must lie still  
To see small things.

### The Woodpecker

By Elva Ray Harris

Upside down  
With cap of red,  
He taps the trees  
For daily bread.

### Time for Everything

By Darlene E. Kardon

Dreaming and wishing  
Are always fun,  
But only by doing  
Will things get done.

### The Restful Night

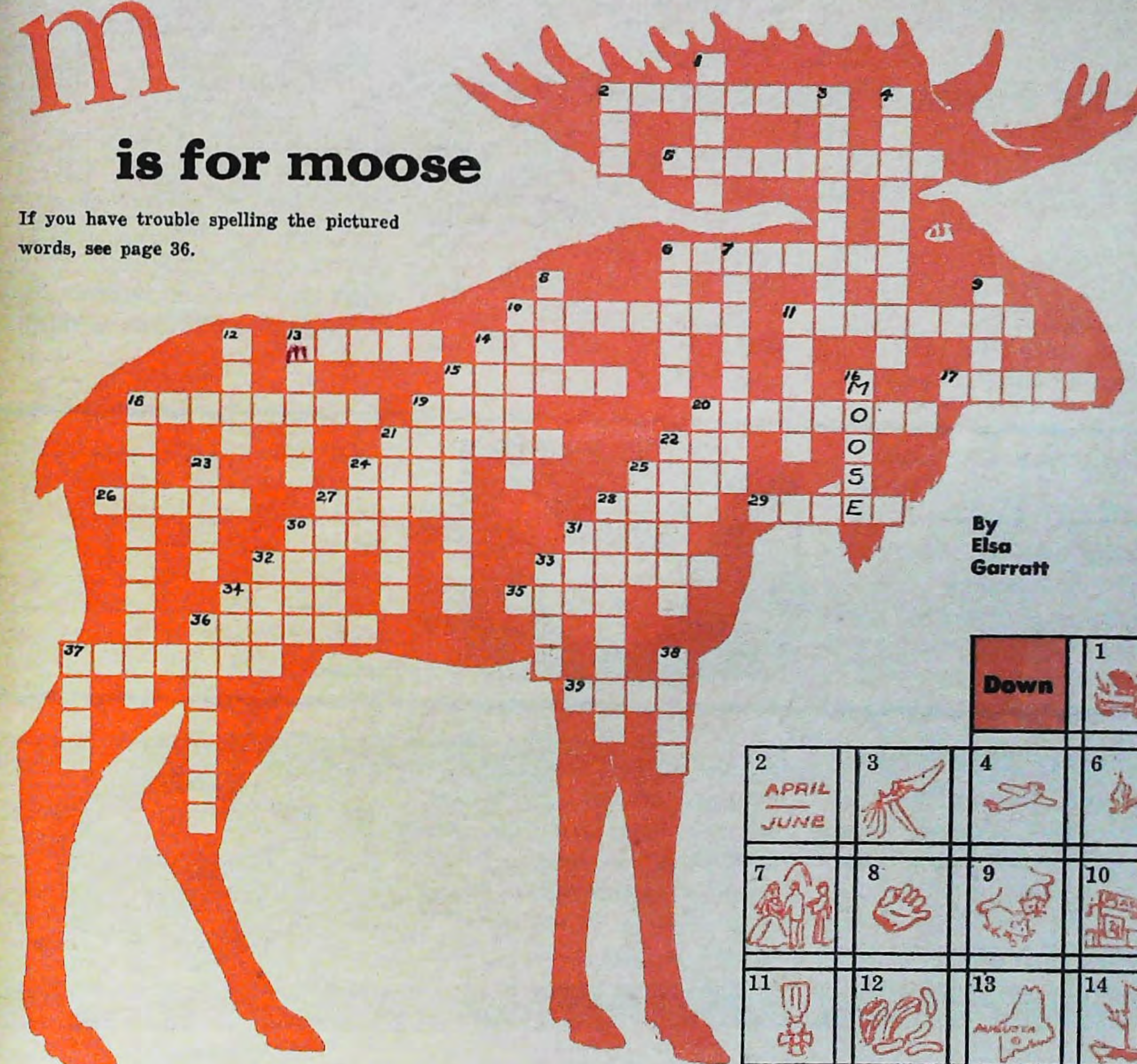
By Elva Ray Harris

The night is dark  
And still and deep,  
So tired folk  
Can get their sleep.

m

## is for moose

If you have trouble spelling the pictured words, see page 36.



By  
Elsa  
Garrett

Across	2	5	6 THE LINCOLN	10	11
13	14	15	17	18	19
20	21	22	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	39

			Down	1
2	3	4	6	
APRIL — JUNE				
7	8	9	10	
				
11	12	13	14	
				
15	16	18	19	
				
20	21	22	23	
				
24	25	27	28	
				
30	31	32	33	
				
34	36	37	38	
				

## Funny Faces From Paper Plates

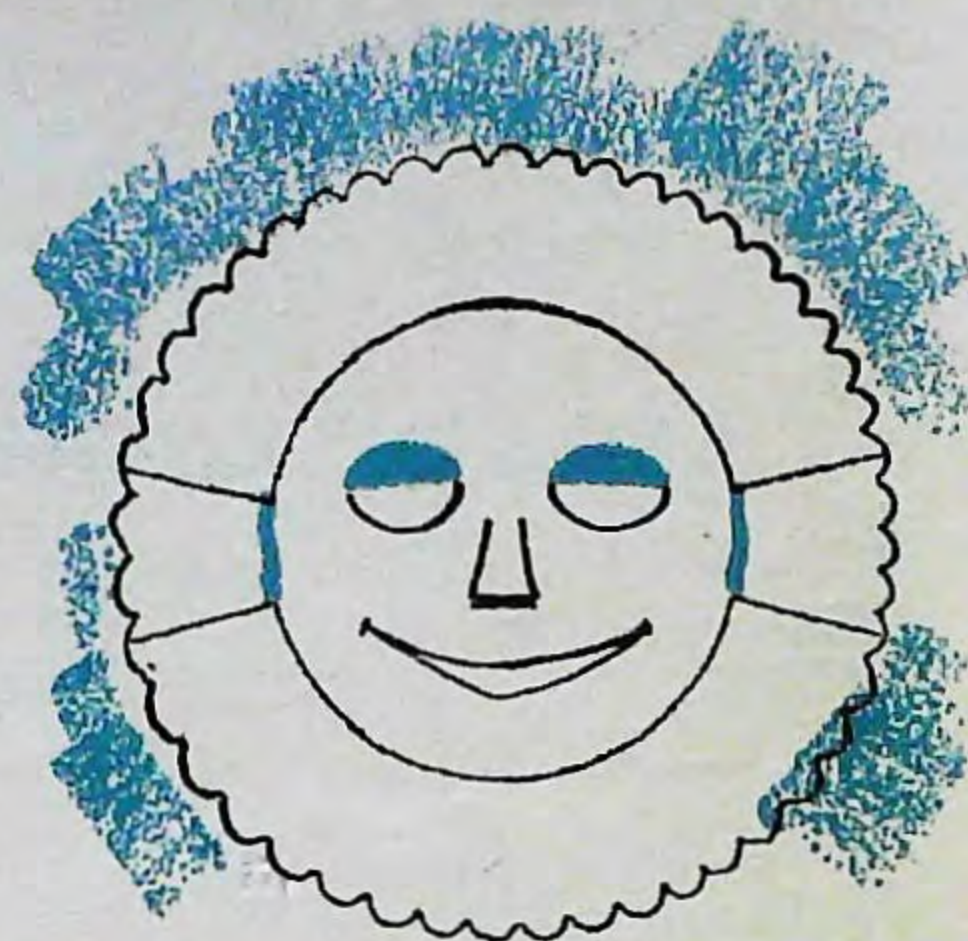
By Bess Lintner

Draw eyes, nose, and an open mouth on the top side of a colored paper plate. Cut out the mouth. With red crayon, draw lips around the opening.

Cut along the lower halves of the eyes. Bend them upward on the front of the plate and color

them. Cut along the bottom and sides of the nose and bend it forward.

Make two slits in the rim of the plate on either side of the face. Place rubber bands over each of the cut sections. Slip the bands over the ears to hold the mask in place.



## Easter Bunny

By Evelyn Walker



Cut a bunny head and two ears from heavy poster paper. Paste them on a larger sheet of poster paper. Cover them with cotton, pasting it on. Cut two pink eyes, and four whiskers from pink paper, and paste in place on the cotton.

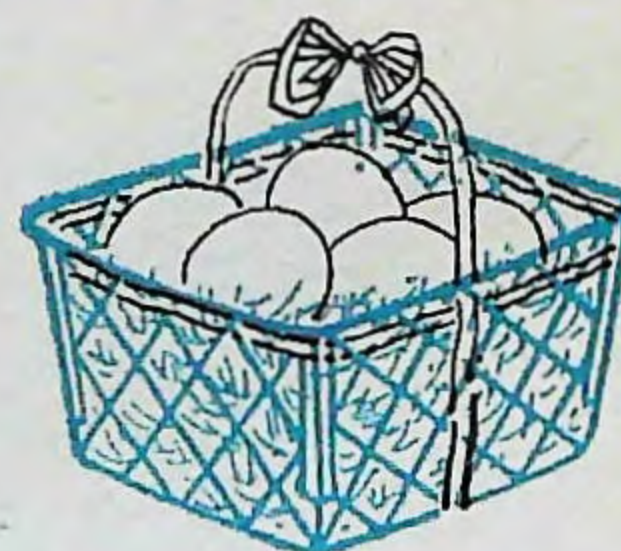
## Plastic Baskets

By Bernice Walz

Use a bright-colored mesh plastic basket that fresh berries are sold in. Weave colored paper ribbon in and out of the mesh around the top of the basket. Weave a long paper ribbon down

the sides and across the bottom. The ends form the handle. Tie them in a bow at the handle top.

Put a lace-paper doily and paper grass in the bottom. Fill with Easter eggs or candy.



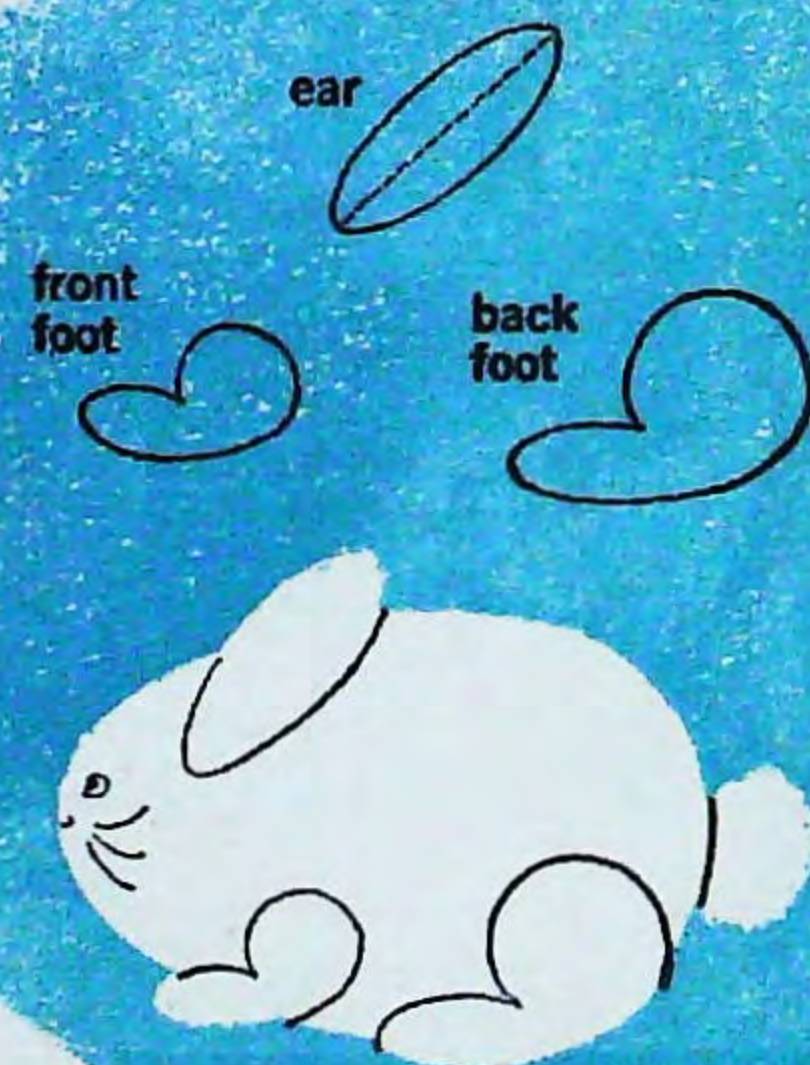
## Egg Rabbit

By Ellen E. Morrison

Boil a white egg until it is hard. Let it cool. With soft lead pencil or sharp crayon, draw a rabbit's face on the small end of the egg.

From stiff white paper, cut two oval ears, 1 inch long. Color them pale pink on one side. Fold them slightly, lengthwise, pink side in, and paste one on each side of the face. Cut two small feet for the front, and two larger feet for the back. Paste them on each side of the egg.

Roll a tiny tuft of white cotton into a ball. Paste it on the large end of the egg for a tail.

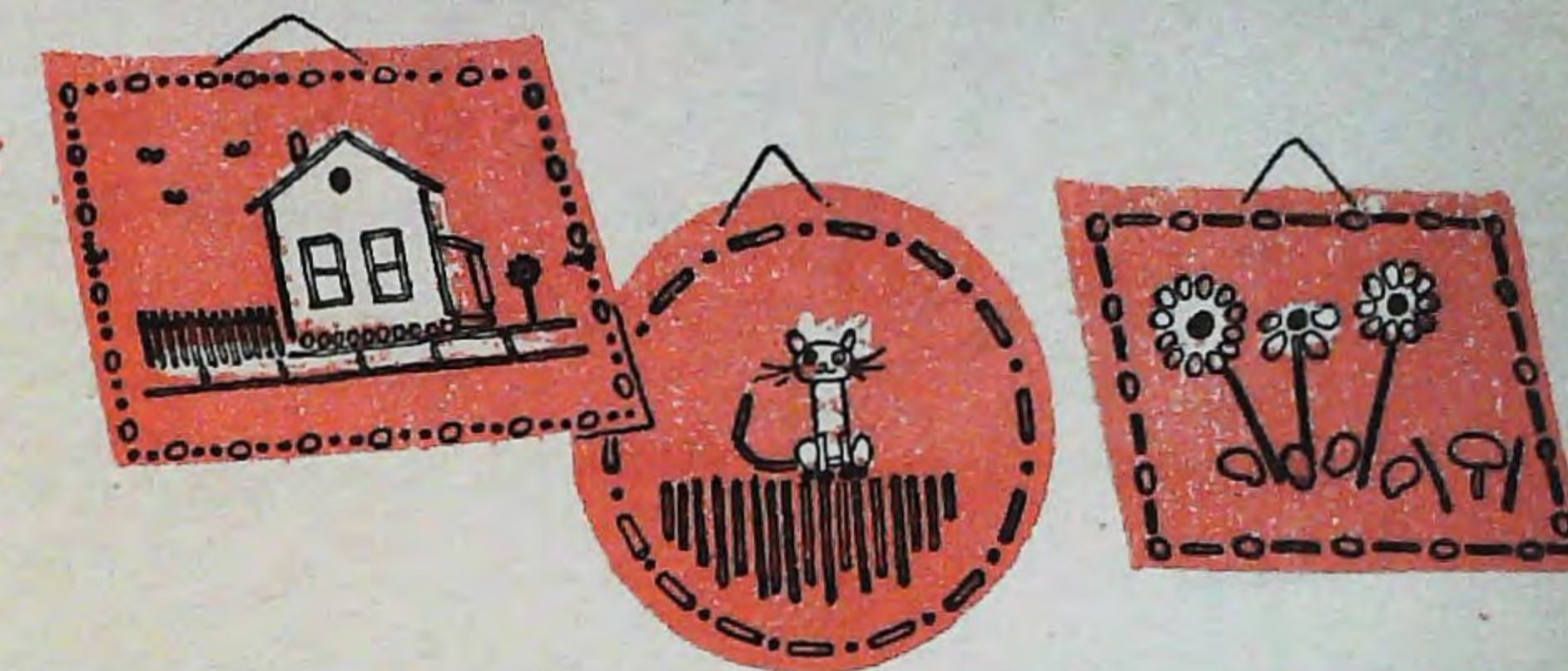


## Kitchen Pictures

By Margaret Baatz

Make a picture by using such uncooked foods as beans, spaghetti, rice, noodles, macaroni, split peas, and lentils. For the background of the picture, cut a circle or square from a cardboard carton. Punch two small holes near the edges of the cardboard. Run a short string through the holes, fastening in a knot at the back to make a hanger.

On a worktable, near the cardboard, make a picture from the dry ingredients. Long pieces of noodles make houses, barns, or sidewalks. Beans or rice make edging for the picture. Rice, arranged in clusters, makes



flowers; in twos, it makes flying birds. Arrange different sizes of macaroni to shape a cat, with lentil or split-pea eyes. Set him on a spaghetti fence.

Make a paste from one cup of flour, one-fourth cup of salt, and one-half cup of water, mixed thoroughly. Pat the paste onto the

cardboard, spreading it smoothly with the fingers.

Move the pieces to the paste-covered board, one by one, pressing each piece down to make it stick. Let the picture dry slowly at room temperature. Do not dry it in the oven. Paint the picture with water colors as desired.

## Look-in Egg

By M. Mable Lunz

Remove the top and bottom of an empty salt box. Cut slits up from each end about an inch apart, Figure 1. At one end, cut the slits almost to the middle of the box. At the other end, cut 1½-inch slits. Push in and overlap the tabs till they form a 1½-inch round opening, Figure 2.

Put paste on strips of paper. Crisscross them around the egg to hold it in shape, Figure 3. Let the paste dry.

Cut one side of the egg from top to bottom, Figure 4. Cut the opposite side down from the top and up from the bottom, leaving a hinge in the center. Open the egg. Paint the inside with white poster paint or water colors.

Cut out small pictures of rabbits, chickens, flowers, or any bright scene. Glue each one to a strip of lightweight cardboard. Turn up the bottoms of the strips and glue them to the inside of the

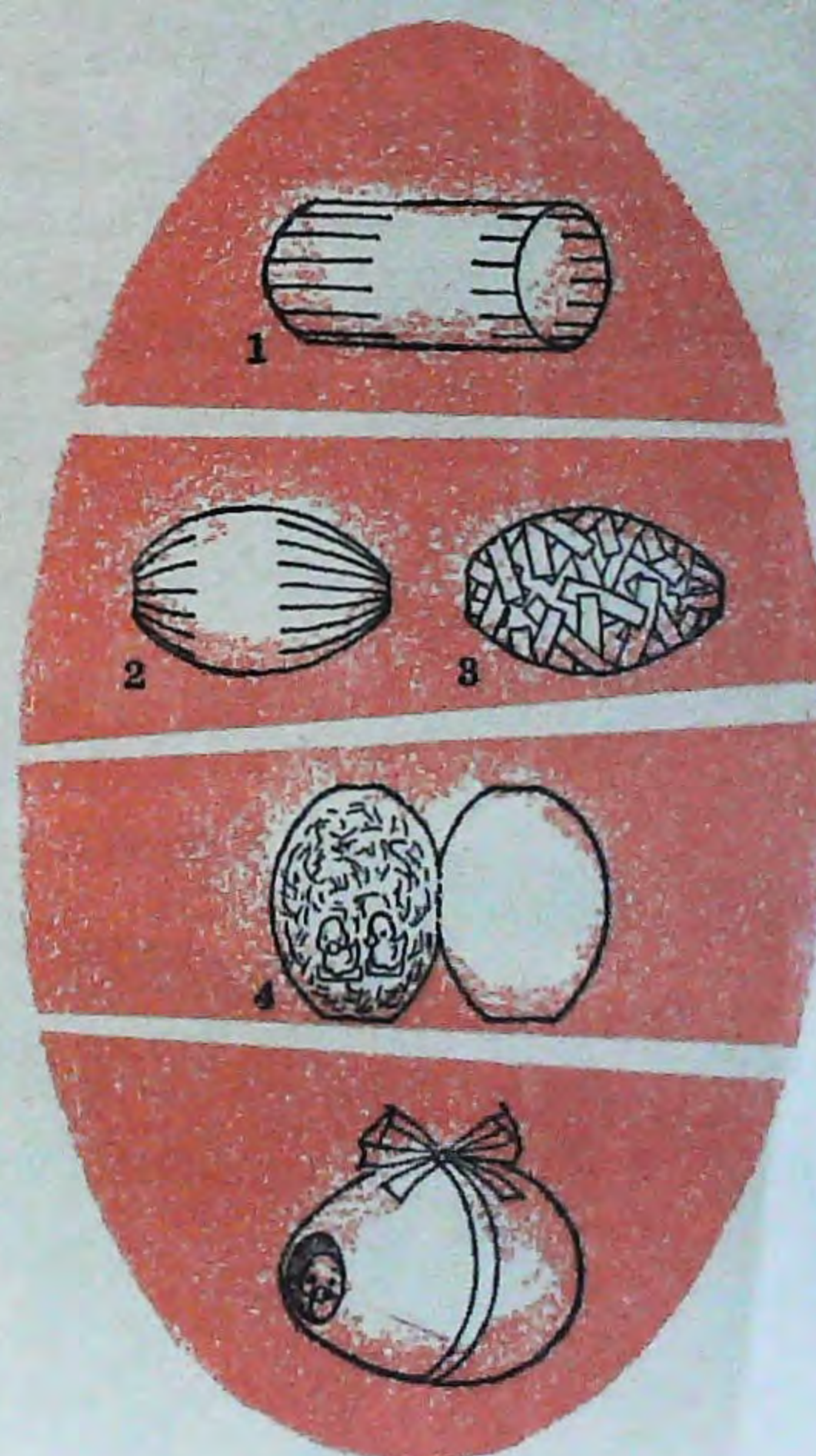
egg toward the bottom. The pictures will stand up. Arrange them so they all face the same way, and so one doesn't hide another or hit the top of the egg when it is closed.

Smear glue in between the pictures and press little bunches of paper grass to the glue. Put in tiny artificial flowers or little Easter eggs, if desired.

When the glue is dry, close the egg. Glue strips of paper over the cut sides.

Make a paste from laundry starch. Dip colored paper napkins into the paste, one at a time, and put them around the egg until it is entirely covered. Press the wet napkins carefully over the edges of the look-in holes to make a smooth finish.

Let the egg stand for several days. When it is completely dry, tie a piece of ribbon around it, finishing with a bow.





## Headwork

If you were a bird, would you like to eat worms?

How many feet does a puppy have?

Can you see through a glass of orange juice? Through a glass of water?

Which is softer, your tongue or your teeth?

When your toy dog falls down and bumps its head, does it get pain in the head?

Do you eat dessert first or last at a meal?

Where are the feathers of a bird longer, on its legs or on its wings?

Can you follow these directions? Put your hands together around both your legs under your knees.

Which do you like better, the sounds a robin makes or the sounds a crow makes?

Is a glass in a window as thick as the frame around it?

Why doesn't your grandpa want you to use his pipe to blow bubbles?

In what ways are the wings of a fly different from the wings of a bird?

Do many children go to school at night?  
As you start to jump over something, do you keep your legs straight at the knees?

May a puppy have more than one brother or sister of the same age?

Look at the pictures on page 30. Now close the book and, without looking at the pictures again, name as many of them as you can. Then turn back to page 30 and see how many you remembered.

Fishing in a stream in the woods, Lewis said to Alex, "A big buck deer died here a long time ago." Why did he say this?

"Our telephone is out of order," said Mother. Nobody had told her so. Then how did she know?

"Nobody lives in the house, but I want to keep it standing, so I must keep a good roof on it," said Mr. Fritz. Why was the roof so important?

Suppose you see six cows and three men in a field together, but you can't see their feet. How can you tell how many feet they have altogether?

What are some of the things that worry you?

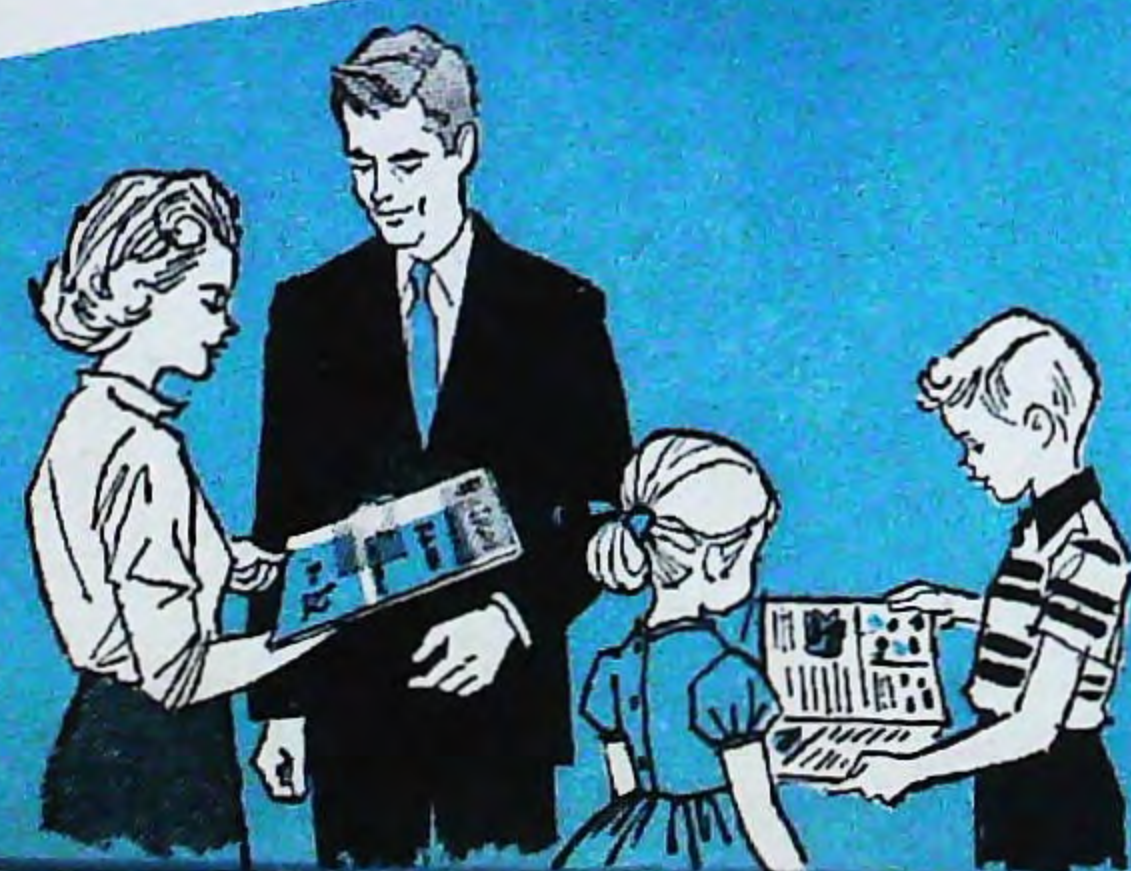
How are most women's hats different from most men's hats?

In some towns and cities you may not see poles for telephone or electric power lines. Where are the lines in these places?

If you were a pilot of an airplane, would it be harder to operate the plane while taking off and landing, or while it is up in the air?

★ Types of questions any parent or teacher may ask to bring out what is already in the child's head.

## Parents! Important Notice



We have full-time or part-time work for mothers and others in many areas as HIGHLIGHTS sales representatives. This is an opportunity for pleasant, profitable, useful work—your chance to perform a real service to your community and at the same time add substantially to your income. If you have a car and full-time or regular part-time hours available, write to Richard H. Bell, Director of Sales, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, Inc., P. O. Box 269, Columbus 16, Ohio.



Dragon  
Sohrab Chamanara, Age 12



Fereydoon Zibachehr, Age 10



Discovery of America  
Anußeravan Djahanbani, Age 11



Kylida Ghobadyan, Age 8

Through the courtesy of Dr. Ali R. Amir-Moëz,  
Queens College, Flushing, N. Y.

## Drawings From Teheran, Iran



Maryam Banlahmad, Age 9



Balloon Seller  
Bejan Khazeh, Age 11



Reks Saymon Bit Ivaz, Age 10



Ghazal Irandoust, Age 9



Fahimeh Zibachehr, Age 12



Our House  
Mohamad Reza Ganjal, Age 9

Good-bye!

until next month

